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Souvenir d'un Voyage dans La Tartarie, Le Thibet et La Chine; pendant les années, 1844, 1845, 1846. Par M. HUC PRETRE, Missionnaire de la Congregation de Lazaristes. Paris: Adrien Le Clerc and Co. 1850.

WHEN the clouds that hide the commencement of human history begin to roll away, and the strange shapes that loom so fantastically through the mists of its early dawn melt into clearer light, we see before us a scene, which in its principal features may still be witnessed, almost unchanged, in the vast prairies that occupy so large a portion of Central Asia—the “land of grass,” as it called by the Tartars. We see no towns, no buildings, no arts, no industry, no cultivation; but majestic rivers, mountains rolling away into immeasurable plains, camels, and tents, and flocks and herds, which carry the imagination back to the times when Abraham, “very rich in cattle, and silver, and gold, went on his journeys from the south.”

Thousands of years sweep by, and the Mongolian steppes present the same scenes; but now the name of Tchingis Khan has become a word of fear, at which not only China, India, and Persia, but Poland, Hungary, and Austria, and even the remotest West, have learned to tremble. The teeming population of Asia has burst its boundaries, and rolled like an incoming tide to Central Europe. These tremendous invasions have, from their suddenness, their vast extent, and their devastating force, been compared to the primitive convulsions of nature; but though they appeared in the first instance as entirely destructive in their effects, there is no doubt that the conquests of Tchingis Khan and his successors, by making the nations of Europe acquainted with the most distant countries of the East, opened the way to many important discoveries, (the compass, printing, and the more equivocal benefit of gunpowder,) created new channels for their industry and commercial activity, and made the finest and the most ancient regions of the earth tributary to their rising civilization. The ardor for geographical discovery, too, began from this time to be, and has ever since remained, a characteristic of the European mind; but this desire was strengthened and deepened by the hope of gaining, in those vast and populous countries, an accession to the dominions of the Church of Rome, by the conversion of their population to Christianity. It was the same motive that carried the author of the volume before us to the scene of the labors, the sufferings, and, in many instances, the martyrdom of his predecessors. The French Mission at Peking, formerly in so flourishing a condition, (there were at one time no fewer than thirty Catholic churches in one province of China,) was towards the end of the last century almost destroyed by severe persecutions. Many of the Christian converts sought a refuge in the deserts of Tartary, and lived here and there in obscure corners, on patches of land which the Mongols allowed them to cultivate. Ten years ago, M. Huc (the author) and a companion, M. Gabet, two French Lazaristes, were sent to collect some of these scattered remnants; but not thinking

it prudent to endeavor to establish themselves, as their Jesuit brethren had formerly done, in the capital of the empire, they took up their abode in a little village situated beyond the Great Wall—in a valley called *Hé-Chuy*, which we are told signifies Valley of the Black Waters, and which is one day's journey from “Suen-Hoa-Tou.” The journey described in the present work was undertaken with a view of studying the character and manners of the Tartars of Mongolia, and of determining, if possible, the limits of the apostolic vicarate of Mongolia established in 1844. The party consisted only of Messrs. Huc and Gabet, and a Thibetan convert named Samdatchiemba, who took charge of the loaded camels; but they were escorted for the first stage by a guard of honor of their Chinese disciples, who mingled their adieus with tears, besides giving other less sentimental marks of attachment to their “*pères spirituels*,” in the shape of pieces of bacon, and such like contributions, to their scanty commissariat.

The first part of their journey lay through Tchakar, a border country, bounded on the south by the Great Wall, and on the west by what is now called Western Toumet. The inhabitants of this country are all soldiers to the Emperor of China, and receive annually a certain amount of pay according to their rank. On this and the produce of their flocks they are compelled to live, being prohibited, under severe penalties, from cultivating the ground. Tchakar is divided into eight Banners; the White, Blue, Red, and Yellow; and the Whitish, Bluish, Reddish, and Yellowish. Each Banner has its separate territory, which is inalienable. In the pastures of this country graze the emperor's 360 immense flocks of camels, horses, oxen, and sheep. These are visited at certain intervals by inspectors, who, if they find the number deficient, compel the chief shepherd to make it up; but some of the Chinese subjects of his Celestial Majesty, nevertheless, carry on a snug little trade with this officer by exchanging any good-for-nothing beast they may happen to possess, for a healthy and good one out of the herds of their “Sacred Master.”

In this country there are still to be found a few rude and lonely inns, consisting of an immense square enclosure, formed with long poles interlaced with brambles. In the middle of this square is a mud hut, ten feet high, containing one large apartment which serves for kitchen, banqueting-room, and dormitory, and a few little miserable chambers to the right and left. The place of honor for travellers is on a sort of raised platform, called the kang, resembling the dais of the old Saxon rooms, but covered with stone, and capable of being warmed from beneath; the kang, being, in fact, an extension of the hearth, as there are in front of it three immense kettles, fixed in clay, and in which the broth or tea of the travellers is boiled.

Immediately on the arrival of a traveller, the innkeeper, or, in Chinese lofty style, the “Intendant of the Treasury,” invites them to mount on the kang, and they seat themselves there with legs crossed, after the fashion of tailors round a large table, which is not more than five or six inches high. The lower part of the hall is reserved for the people of the inn, who

come and go, keep up the fire under the kettles, boil the tea, or knead barley-flour and buck-wheat, for the solid part of the meal.

The kang of these Tartar-Chinese hostleries presents one of the most picturesque and animated scenes possible; it is there that the people eat, drink, smoke, play, bawl, and fight; and when night comes, it is transformed all on a sudden into a dormitory. The travellers unroll their coverings, if they have any, or settle themselves side by side under their clothes, if they have not. When the guests are numerous, they place themselves in two opposite rows, feet to feet; but although everybody lies down, it by no means follows that every one goes to sleep. Whilst some snore conscientiously, others smoke, drink tea, or abandon themselves to noisy gossip.

This fantastic picture, half illuminated by the dull pale light of a lamp, (simply constructed with a wick swimming in dirty oil, in a broken tea-cup,) "fills the soul," says M. Hue, "with *un vif sentiment d'horreur et de crainte*." Why it should do so, or what anything here described has to do with "horreur et crainte," is what we can by no means discover.

Before leaving this inn, the missionaries resolved to bring their outward men more into harmony with their inward spiritual graces, by the adoption of a clerical dress; not, however, the lugubrious one which, over the greater part of Europe, associates the idea of religion with that of mourning, but the gay costume which implies sanctity in Thibet, namely, a yellow robe fastened by a red girdle, a red waistcoat with a velvet collar, the whole surmounted by a red cap. This is the secular dress of the Buddhist Lamas. Most of the missionaries resident in China wear the ordinary Chinese costume, and have nothing to distinguish them from traders; but these worldly garments M. Hue considered an obstacle to their success, as, among the Tartars, a "black man," or one of the laity, is laughed at if he attempts to speak on a religious subject. Besides the outward change, the travellers determined for the future to abstain from wine and tobacco, much to the distress of their Chinese disciples, who now took their leave mournfully, in the persuasion that the *pères spirituels* were about to perish in the deserts of Tartary.

The first bivouac in the wilderness was made in the imperial forest, which extends more than a hundred leagues from north to south, and above eighty from east to west. It is supposed to be sacred to the emperor's sports; and though since he has ascended the throne he has never set foot in it, the punishment of perpetual exile is decreed against any one who shall be found within its precincts with arms in his hands. This does not, however, at all interfere with the operations of innumerable poachers, but only leads to an equitable arrangement with the imperial guards, with respect to the respective shares of the game. Besides countless troops of stags, the forest is tenanted by tigers, boars, bears, panthers, and wolves; and the wood-cutter or hunter who should venture alone into the vast labyrinth of the forest, would be very likely never to find his way out again. In the second day's journey, the travellers found themselves in the presence of the great Obo, at the foot of which the Tartars pay worship to the spirit of the mountain. This monument is merely an enormous heap of stones, piled together without any order, with a great granite urn at the base, in which incense is burnt, and ornamented at the summit with a number of dried branches fixed at random among the stones, and bearing scraps of parchment with sacred inscrip-

tions. The devout Tartars who pass by do not always content themselves with prostrations and burning incense, but throw in many offerings of money. The Chinese have an eye to business in their devotions, and, after a few genuflections, go round and slyly pick up the pious gifts which their simple Mongol brethren have deposited.

Proceeding in the direction of the Mantchoo Tartar country, the travellers came to a considerable town, called Tolon-Noor, (sometimes written in maps, Dolon-Nor,) which, with its numerous buildings, and the gilded roofs of two great Lama convents rising conspicuously above them, presents from the outside rather a stately appearance. Inside, however, the streets are narrow and crooked, with gutters in the midst, so deep that goods are often lost, and even animals suffocated in them. It is, however, a place of great trade; the Tartars bringing to it continually great herds of oxen, camels, and horses, and carrying away in exchange tobacco, cloth, and tea. But the great trade of Tolon-Noor is carried on in its foundries, where are cast magnificent statues of iron and brass; and with these, as well as smaller idols, vases, clocks, and various articles used in the services of the Buddhist temples, it supplies all the country round. The environs of the town are barren and sandy, and it is surrounded to a great extent by immense cemeteries.

Our entrance into the town was fatiguing and full of perplexity, for we had no idea where to alight. We wandered long, as in a labyrinth, through narrow winding streets, where our camels could hardly make their way through the perpetual encumbrances of men and goods. At length we entered an inn and unloaded our camels, piled up our baggage in the little room that was assigned to us, went to the market, bought grass, and distributed it to the animals—almost without taking breath. The chief of the hostelry then came, according to custom, and presented us with a padlock; and after padlocking the door of our room, we went out to get some dinner, for we were excessively hungry. We were not long in discovering a triangular banner floating before a house, indicating a restaurant; and a long corridor led us into a spacious hall, where were distributed in a symmetrical manner a great number of small tables. We seated ourselves, and immediately there was placed before us the tea-pot, which forms the prelude *obligato* of every repast. You must drink tea, and drink it boiling, before taking the least thing else. While you are thus occupied in swelling yourself out with tea, you will receive the visit of the "intendant of the table," who is usually a personage of elegant manners, and endowed with a prodigious volubility of tongue, besides being acquainted with all countries and with everybody's affairs. He concludes his harangue with asking what you will take; and as you name the dishes you desire, he repeats the words in a sort of song, in order to announce your wishes to the "governor of the kettle." You are served with admirable promptitude; but before commencing your repast, etiquette requires you to rise and invite all the guests round who may happen to be in the room. "Come! come all together," you cry with a gesture of invitation—"come and drink a little glass of wine, and eat a little rice." "Thank you, thank you," responds the assembly; "come you rather to our table—it is we who invite you." After this polite ceremonial, you have, as the phrase of the country is, "shown your honor," and may take your dinner like a man of quality.

As soon as you rise to go, the "steward of the table" appears again; and while you are crossing the room, he sings out the names of the dishes you have ordered, and finishes by proclaiming the total

expense in a high and intelligible voice ; and then you pass to the office and pay the sum mentioned.

The perpetual going and coming of strangers gives to the population of Tolon-Noor a very lively aspect. The hawkers run through the streets, offering to the passers-by the various little articles they deal in. The tradesmen, from the back of their shops, call and entice purchasers, by courteous and flattering words. The Lamas, with their brilliant dresses of red and yellow, endeavor to excite admiration by the address with which they manage their fiery, unbroken horses. The merchants of the province of Chan-Si are in the greatest number here, but there are few who establish themselves definitely ; but, after a few years, when their coffers are sufficiently filled, they return into their own country. The Chinese mostly make fortunes, but the Tartars ruin themselves ; indeed, Tolon-Noor is like a monstrous pneumatic pump, which succeeds marvellously in creating a vacuum in Mongol purses.

Shortly after leaving Tolon-Noor, M. Huc fell in with a Tartar, who appeared to have gained great glory among his comrades by having served, or at least intended to serve, in the war against "the rebels of the south," *videlicet*, the English, concerning whom he mentioned, by way of information, that they had the power of living in the water like fish ; that, when you least expected it, they would suddenly rise to the surface, and launch at you gourds filled with flames ; and then, no sooner had you bent your bow to send an arrow at them, than they were down again beneath the water. The valiant Tartars, however, had no fear of the monsters ; for, before the departure of the eight banners, the grand Lamas had opened the "book of celestial secrets," and predicted a happy issue to the affair. The prediction was verified, for the rebels, terrified by the approach of the Tartars, had ultimately sued their holy master, the emperor, for peace, and he, in his immense mercy, had granted it to them. The Frenchmen also learned some other particulars concerning these same rebels, which are perhaps not generally known ; for instance, that Queen Victoria has a great garden in which she shuts up her husband, who is allowed to walk in this as much as he pleases, but never to go out.

The great point of interest with the missionaries was the religion of Buddhism, whose overthrow was the secret object of their wishes and their prayers. M. Huc of course expresses great horror of this idolatrous worship, but at the same time congratulates himself, with much *naïveté*, on the numerous points of resemblance between it and the orthodox Catholic faith as taught at Rome. The immense multitude of Lamas devoted to a monastic life ; the extreme asceticism of some, (he found holy personages, devoted to what they called a contemplative life, who lived in holes in the side of a mountain, and drew up their food by a string, emulating the performances of saints in the early ages of the church)—the devotion of the laity, their deference to their spiritual masters, their fondness for pilgrimages and showy ceremonies, their liberality in contributing money for supposed pious objects, cause him sometimes to cast a longing look back towards the "good old times," and seem, speaking profanely, to make his mouth water. The apparent coincidence between the worship of Buddha and that which the "Lamas of Jehovah" were endeavoring to introduce, may perhaps have contributed to procure them respectful attention

from the Buddhists ; but it seems doubtful whether it would have greatly facilitated the object of their mission, as it might be often difficult to make them see what the difference was, or what would be gained by exchanging the old for the new faith. There is a point of resemblance too, besides those mentioned by M. Huc. The fundamental tenets of Buddhism are pure and sublime ; but these have been so overlaid by a mass of fantastic ceremonies and forgotten symbols, that their influence has been almost wholly neutralized. The greatest truths, thus lying dormant, are of little practical value ; in the words of Coleridge, "they lie bedridden in the soul, side by side with the most absurd errors, without having any tendency to disturb them." But this observation will apply, we cannot help thinking, in some degree, to the religious system of the Church of Rome, as well as to that of the Dalai-Lama.

On the "fifteenth day of the eighth month" the missionaries had an opportunity of joining in a great Chinese festival, called the "Feast of the Moon's Leaves," when all labor is suspended, workmen receive from their masters a pecuniary present, every one puts on his best clothes, and all is mirth and rejoicing. It is, according to M. Huc, of high antiquity, but has acquired a political character from an event of the fourteenth century. An extensive conspiracy was formed amongst the Chinese to shake off the yoke of the Tartar dynasty founded by Tchingis Khan, and it effected its object by means of a general massacre, for which the signal was given by notes concealed in the little cakes engraven with the image of the moon, which it is customary to interchange on this occasion. By this catastrophe the Tartar army, which was scattered through all the families of the kingdom, was completely annihilated, and an end put to the Mongol domination. The Tartars of the present day, however, join in the celebration of the festival with great *bonhomie*, and without the least idea of the signification given to it by their neighbors, though the Frenchmen, with more zeal than discretion, undertook, it seems, to enlighten them upon this point.

At about a gun-shot from the place where we had encamped, we saw suddenly rising several Mongol tents, whose magnitude and cleanliness testified the easy circumstances of their inhabitants. This opinion was, besides, confirmed by the numerous flocks of sheep, and the immense herds of horses and oxen which were grazing in the environs. Whilst we were reciting our breviary in the interior of the tent, Samdachienba went to pay a visit to these Mongols, and soon after we saw coming towards us an old man with a long white beard, and who had the air of a person of distinction. He was accompanied by a young Lama, and a child whom he held by the hand. "My Lord Lamas," said the old man, addressing us, "all men are brothers, but those who dwell beneath the tents are united among themselves like flesh and blood. The fifteenth of the moon is a solemn epoch ; you are travellers and strangers, you cannot this evening occupy a place at the hearth of your noble family. Come and rest yourselves for some days amongst us ; your presence will bring us peace and happiness." We told the good old man that we could not entirely accept his offer, but that in the evening, after having said our prayers, we would go and take tea with him, and have a little talk about the Mongol nation. * * * On entering the Mongol tent we were surprised to find there a degree of cleanliness to which one is little accustomed amongst the Tartars. There was no hearth in the centre, and the eye perceived

nowhere the presence of those coarse cooking utensils which usually encumber Tartar habitations. It was easy to see that all had been arranged for a fête. We seated ourselves on a red carpet, and were soon served from the neighboring tent, the kitchen *pro tempore*, with tea with milk, and little rolls fried in butter, as well as cheese, dried grapes, and jujubes.

After having made acquaintance with the numerous Mongol company in which we found ourselves, the conversation insensibly fell on the festival of the Moon's Loaves. "In our country of the West," said we, "we do not know of this festival. We worship only Jehovah, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, of the sun and the moon, and all that exists." "Oh, the holy doctrine!" cried the old man, carrying his joined hands to his forehead. "But neither do the Tartars worship the moon. They have seen the Chinese celebrate this fête, and they follow the custom without well knowing why." "Yes," said we, "you follow this custom without knowing why. That is a wise saying. But this is what we have heard about it in the country of the *Ketats*" (Chinese.) And thereupon we related all that we knew about the terrible day of the massacre. As our narrative concluded the faces of the Tartars appeared full of astonishment; the young men spoke together in a low voice, but the elder one kept a mournful silence; he held down his head, to hide the large tears that flowed from his eyes. "Brother, enriched with years," said we, "this tale appears not to surprise you, but it has filled your heart with emotion." "Holy personages," said the old man, after having raised his head and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, "the terrible event, which causes so much astonishment to these young men, was not unknown to me; but I wish I had never known it, and I seek to drive it from my memory, for it makes a blush mount to the face of every Tartar, whose heart is not yet sold to the *Ketats*. One day, the day is known to our great Lamas, the blood of our forefathers, so shamefully spilled, shall be avenged. When the holy man who is to command us shall have appeared, we will rise to a man and follow him. Then we will go, and, in the face of day, demand of the *Ketats* an account of the Tartar blood which was shed in the darkness of their houses. The Mongols celebrate every year this fête, and the greater number see in it only an indifferent ceremony; but the 'Moon's Loaves' awaken in some hearts the remembrance of the perfidy of which we have been the victims, and the hope of a just vengeance."

After a moment's silence, the old man added, "Holy personages, however this may be, this day is truly a festival, since you have deigned to descend into our poor habitation. It is not well to occupy our hearts with sad thoughts. Child," he added to a young man who was sitting on the threshold, "if the mutton has boiled enough take away the milk." Whilst he cleared the interior of the tent, the eldest son of the family entered, bearing in his hands a little oblong table, upon which rose a sheep cut into four quarters, piled one upon another. Immediately, when the table was placed in the midst of the guests, the head of the family, arming himself with the knife that hung at his girdle, cut the tail off the sheep, divided it into two, and offered a half to each of us. Among the Tartars the tail is considered the most exquisite part of the sheep, and consequently the most honorable. It is, with these Tartar sheep, of a remarkable form and size, a thick broad oval of from six to eight pounds' weight.

As soon as the head of the family had presented us with this delicate morsel, the guests fell to with their knives to cut to pieces these formidable quarters of mutton; of course, in this Tartar festival we found neither plates nor forks; every one was obliged to place on his knees his piece of mutton, and tear it without ceremony with his two hands, wiping from time to time on the front of his waistcoat the fat that

dripped from them. As for us, our embarrassment at first was considerable; in offering us this white sheep's tail, our friends had doubtless been influenced by the kindest intentions; but we were not yet sufficiently weaned from our European prejudices to dare to attack, without bread or salt, the lumps of fat that seemed to tremble and pant beneath our fingers. We took counsel together in our mother tongue, as to what was to be done in these difficult circumstances. To put back these dainties by stealth on the table seemed extremely imprudent; to speak frankly to our Amphitryon, and declare our repugnance to the favorite dish, would be shocking to Tartar etiquette. We hit, therefore, on the plan of cutting up the epicurean morsel into little slices, which we handed about to the guests, begging them to partake with us, on this festival day, of this rare and precious regale. At first we had to struggle against polite and disinterested refusals; but at length we got rid of the dreadful tail, and were permitted to attack the leg, the taste of which was more conformable to the recollections of our first education. After this Homeric repast was finished, there remained only in the middle of the tent a monstrous heap of white and polished mutton-bones; a child went and untied a violin with three strings, that hung suspended on a ram's-horn, and presented it to the chief of the family. He passed it to a young man, who held down his head modestly, but whose eyes became animated the moment he took the instrument in his hands. "Nobles and holy travellers," said the head of the family to us, "I have invited a *Toolholos* to embellish the evening with some tales;" and while he spoke the minstrel was already preluding upon the chords. He soon began to sing with a strong voice and marked accent, and occasionally he stopped and mingled his song with animated and fiery recitation, while the Tartars bent towards him and accompanied his words by variations of their features. The *toolholos* sung of national and dramatic subjects, which excited a lively interest amongst the majority of the audience; but for us, little initiated as we were in the history of Tartary, we took a very slender interest in all the unknown personages whom the Mongol rhapsody brought by turns on the stage. When the singing had gone on a considerable time, the old man presented the minstrel with a large cup of the spirit made from milk. He laid down his violin on his knees, and moistened eagerly with the liquor the throat that must have been dry with the marvels he had been relating; and, as he finished drinking, and licked round the edges of the cup, the chief said, "*Toolholos*, in the songs that you have given us everything was fine and beautiful, but you have told us nothing yet of the immortal Tamerlane." "Yes! yes!" cried many voices at once, "sing to us the invocation to Timor." The singer paused a moment, and then, having collected his thoughts, sung in a vigorous and martial tone, to the following effect:—

"When the divine Timor dwelt beneath our tents, the Mongol nation was terrible and warlike; his movements made the earth shake; with a single glance of his eye he froze with terror the ten thousand nations whom the sun shines upon. Oh, divine Timor! when wilt thy great soul be born again? Come back! Come back! We are awaiting thee, O Timor!"

After a few more stanzas, the minstrel departed with a profound salutation, to entertain other families who were waiting for him on this festive occasion; but as the missionaries had appeared to listen to him with interest, the chief politely volunteered to produce a family virtuoso to supply his place. The performance of this personage was, however, of so overpowering a description, that they seized the earliest possible opportunity to make their escape. These "*toolholos*," or wandering minstrels, are, it seems, often met with in Tartary and Thibet. They are commonly poor; a violin

and a flute hung to their girdles comprising their whole possessions; but they are sure of a kind reception in the Mongol families, and remain with each other often several days, never failing, on their departure, to be laden with provisions for their journey—cheese, and bladders filled with wine and tea.

The fine countries situated to the north of Pekin, beyond the great wall, now bear the name of Eastern Toumet. They were bestowed at the time of the Mantchoo conquest of China on the King of Western Toumet, who had rendered considerable services to the conquerors; the two portions of his dominions are separated by the district called the Tchakar. The Mongols of Western Toumet no longer lead the nomadic life, but cultivate their lands and practise many useful arts.

After about three days' journey through these countries the missionaries arrived at a town called Kouk-ou-Khoton, that is, "Blue Town." It is entered by a broad road, running between immense kitchen-gardens, which surround the town. The increase of the population has necessitated the breaking through the ramparts, and such extensive quarters have been built beyond them, that this part of the town is now of more importance than that within the walls. Viewed from without it is rather imposing, but does not improve on a closer acquaintance.

We entered it by a broad street, in which is situated the celebrated Lama Convent of the Five Towers; but immediately after passing this the street comes to an end, and you have on the right and left two miserable narrow lanes. We chose the one that appeared the least dirty, and advanced at first easily enough, but the further we went the more muddy it became, and soon it was little better than a long quagmire filled with black mud, and exhaling a suffocating odor. We were in the Tanners' Street, and we advanced slowly, and stumbling perpetually, for the miry liquid sometimes concealed a great stone, over which we had to climb, and sometimes a deep hollow, into which we suddenly plunged. We had hardly gone fifty paces before our animals were covered with mud, and dripping with sweat. To complete our misfortune, we heard before us loud cries uttered by horsemen and drivers who were approaching through the windings of the lane, and shouting in this manner to deter others from entering it. To draw back or to stand up appeared equally impossible, so we began to shout in our turn, and continued our march, expecting with some anxiety the conclusion of the piece. A turn in the lane brought on the dénouement. At the sight of our camels the horses took fright, and, making a sudden wheel, threw themselves one on the other, and rushed out by all the outlets they could find. In this manner, thanks to our beasts of burden! we continued our route without being obliged to give way, and arrived at last in a tolerably spacious street, bordered with fine shops.

We looked incessantly from side to side in the hope of discovering an inn, but always in vain. It is customary in the great towns of China and Tartary for every hostelry to lodge exclusively one sort of travellers. One is for the corn merchants, another for the horse-dealers, &c.; each has its particular customers, and closes its doors to all others. There is only one kind of inn which affords lodging to travellers in general, and these called the Inns of Passing Guests. That was the kind of one which would suit us; but in vain we traversed the streets in search of such a refuge; we could see no such thing. We stopped for a moment to beg a passer-by to point one out to us, and immediately we saw coming towards us a young man, who rushed in a most zealous manner out of a shop. "You are looking for an inn?" said he. "Oh! permit me to conduct you to one myself;" and immediately

he began to walk alongside of us. "You would hardly be able to find the inn that would suit you in this Blue Town. The men are innumerable here; but there are good, and there are bad men. Is it not as I say, my Lord Lamas? Men are not all of the same kind; and who does not know that the wicked are always more numerous than the good? Let me say a word to you that comes from the bottom of my heart. In this Blue Town one can hardly find a man who is guided by his conscience, and yet conscience is a treasure. You Tartars, you know what conscience is. I have long known the Tartars; they are good—they have upright hearts; but we Chinese are not like that—we are wicked, we are knaves; out of ten thousand Chinese you can scarcely find one who follows his conscience. In this Blue Town almost everybody makes a trade of cheating the Tartars, and getting their money out of them."

Whilst the young Chinese poured out all these fine words in the most easy and elegant manner, he went from one to the other, sometimes offering a pinch of snuff, sometimes patting us gently on the shoulders as a sign of good fellowship. Sometimes he took hold of the bridles of our horses, and offered to lead them. But all these polite attentions did not prevent his keeping an eye on the two great bales which our camel carried. The quick glances which he threw towards them from time to time convinced us that he was busy in calculating what they might contain; he imagined they were full of valuable goods of which he would monopolize the profit. We had now been for more than an hour in search of the inn which was so emphatically promised, and still we had not found it. "We are sorry," said we to our guide, "that you should take so much trouble. If we knew exactly where you are taking us to—" "Trust to me, gentlemen, trust to me. I will take you to a good, an excellent inn. Do not talk of my taking trouble; do not pronounce such a word; it makes me blush. How! are we not all brothers? What signifies the difference of Tartar or Chinese? The language is not the same; the dress is different; but we know that the men have only one heart, one conscience, one invariable rule of justice."

"Wait for me one moment—in one moment I will be with you again;" and he darted like an arrow into a neighboring shop. He returned soon, with a thousand excuses for having made us wait. "You are very tired, are you not? One can easily suppose that—it is always so when one is travelling—it is not like when one is in one's own family." Whilst he was speaking thus, we were accosted by another Chinese; he had not the same joyous and full-blown countenance as the other, but was meagre, with thin, pinched lips, and little black eyes, sunk deep in their orbits, that gave him a remarkably sinister expression. "Signor Lamas," said he, "you have only just arrived? It is well!—you have travelled in peace? Ah! that is well. Your camels are magnificent; you must have travelled quickly and happily. At length you are arrived. It is well. *Se-Eul*," said he to the one who had first seized upon us, "you are conducting these noble Tartars to an inn. It is well! Take care that it is a good one. You must take them to the Hotel of Eternal Equity." "It is exactly there we are going." "Indeed! the hotel-keeper is one of my best friends. It will not be useless for me to go too. I will recommend these noble Tartars strongly. Really, if I did not go, it would lie heavy on my heart. When one has the happiness to meet with brothers, one must try and be useful to them. We are all brothers; are we not, gentlemen? You see us two,"—and he pointed to his young partner—"we are clerks in the same shop. We are accustomed to manage the affairs of Tartars. Oh, it is a great advantage, in this miserable town, to have some people you can trust to."

To see these two personages, with their inexhaustible professions of attachment, it might have been

supposed they were old friends of ours. But, unfortunately for them, we were a little *au fait* to Chinese tactics; and we had not in us all the *bonhomie* and simple credulity of the Tartars. We were convinced, therefore, that we had to do with two sharpers, who were preparing to clutch the money with which they believed us laden. By dint of looking on all sides, we at last perceived a sign, on which was written, in large Chinese characters, "Hotel of the Three Perfections, lodges Temporary Guests with Horse or Camel, and undertakes all sorts of Business, without ever failing." We immediately directed our steps towards the great gate; in vain our two guides protested that that was not the place we were going to—we entered; and, after passing through a long avenue, found ourselves in the great courtyard of the inn; and, by the little blue cap worn by the people who were moving about the court, we discovered we were in a Turkish hostelry.

This movement of ours did not at all suit the two Chinese; but they followed us; and, without appearing too much disconcerted, continued to play their part. "Where are the people of the inn?" they cried, in an affected manner; "let them open a large room—a clean room—a handsome room. Their Excellencies are arrived—they must have a suitable apartment." A principal waiter of the inn presented himself, holding a key in his teeth, with a broom in one hand and a watering-pot in the other. Our two protectors seized upon the whole apparatus. "Let us do that!" they exclaimed; "it is we who must serve our illustrious friends; you people of the inn only do things by halves—you only work for money." And immediately they set to work, watering, sweeping, dusting, in the room that had been opened. When all was ready, we went and seated ourselves on the *kang*, whilst the two Chinese chose, out of respect, to remain crouched on the ground. Just as the tea was about to be served, a young man, well-dressed and of elegant appearance, entered the room; he held in his hand the four corners of a silk handkerchief, of which we could not see the contents. "My Lord Lamas," said the old rogue, "this young man is the son of the head of our house of business; our master saw you arrive, and has hastened to send his son to ask if you have made your journey in peace." The young man then placed on a little table before us his silk handkerchief. "Here," said he, "are some cakes to eat with the tea; my father at home has given orders to prepare some rice for you. When you have drunk your tea, will you be pleased to come and partake of a small and bad repast, in our old and poor habitation?" "What is the use of taking so much trouble about us?" "Oh, look at our faces!" they all cried at once; "your words cover them with blushes;" but the innkeeper, bringing in the tea, cut short all the wearisome formalities of Chinese politeness.

"Poor Tartars!" said one of us to the other, "how triumphantly you must be fleeced when you fall into such hands!" These words, which were pronounced in French, excited great surprise in the three sharpers. "What is the illustrious kingdom of Tartary which your excellencies inhabit?" inquired one of them.

"Our poor family is not in Tartary—we are not Tartars."

"Ah! you are not Tartars. We knew it well. The Tartars have not so majestic an air; their persons do not display that grandeur. Might we venture to enquire concerning your noble country?"

"We are from the west—our country is very far from here."

"Ah! that's it," cried the old fellow, "your are from the west. I knew you were. These young people understand few things, they do not study the physiognomy. You are from the west; I know much of your country, I have made more than one journey in it."

"We are glad you know our country, then you doubtless know our language also?"

"Your language—I cannot say I know it perfectly, but out of ten words I understand always three or four, but there is some difficulty in speaking with that." "Never mind, you know Chinese and Tartar?" "Oh! the people of your country are endowed with a great capacity; I have always been very intimate with your countrymen; I am accustomed to manage all their business. When they come to the Blue Town it is always I who am commissioned to make their purchases."

The object our two friends had in view was not at all doubtful. Their great wish to manage our affairs was, for us, a strong reason to decline their offers. As soon as we had finished our tea, they made a profound bow, and invited us to go and dine with them. "My lords," they said, "the rice is prepared, the chief of our house of business awaits you."

"Listen," we replied gravely, "let us speak a few words of reason. You have given yourselves the trouble to conduct us to an inn—that is well; your good hearts have induced you to act thus. You have rendered us many services; your master has sent us pastry;—evidently you are endowed with hearts whose goodness is inexhaustible. If it were not so, why should you have done all this for us who are entire strangers to you? Now you invite us to go and dine with you; that is well on your part, but it is also well on ours not to accept the invitation. To go thus to dine with people with whom one is not connected, is not conformable to the customs of the Chinese nation, and it is equally opposed to those of the west."

These words, pronounced with gravity, completely destroyed the illusion of our two adventurers. "If for the present," we added, "we decline coming to your shop, be good enough to excuse us to your master; thank him for the attentions he has shown us. Before leaving the town we shall probably have some purchases to make, and we will then take an opportunity of paying you a visit. Now we will go and take our dinner at the Turkish restaurant, which is near here."

"It is well," said they, in a tone of vexation; "that is an excellent restaurant," and with these words we all rose and went out together.

The Chinese, it appears, have discovered the art of turning the simplicity of their Mongol neighbors to very profitable account. No sooner does one of them make his appearance in a trading town, than he is surrounded by kind friends, who almost drag him into their houses, unsaddle his horse, make him tea, and keep him eating, drinking, and smoking, while their clerks and assistants undertake to dispose of what he has brought with him, and to buy what he wants, taking care never to lose sight of him for a moment. The poor Tartar takes in good faith all the professions of friendship made to him, and, knowing his own ignorance of business, congratulates himself on having found such disinterested people. "If they wished to rob me," he argues, "they would never give me such good dinners for nothing."

It is, however, according to M. Hue, "exactly at these friendly dinners that the Chinese bring into play all the knavery of which they are capable, and entangle the unsuspecting son of the desert in their meshes, as a spider might a fly." A Chinese gentleman whom the travellers encountered on the second day after their departure from the "Blue Town," explained with charming frankness his mode of carrying on business.

We had just finished unloading our camels, and tying them to a manger, when we saw entering the great court a prodigiously fat man, who was draw-

ing after him, by the bridle, an extremely lean horse. He had on a large straw hat, of which the flaps hung down quite to his girdle, and he wore by his side a long sabre, which contrasted strongly with his very unwarlike figure. "Steward of the kettle!" he called out, "is there room for me in this inn?" "I have but one room to give to travellers, and three Mongol men who have just arrived are just now occupying it; go and see if they can receive you." The new comer advanced with a heavy step to the quarter where we were already installed. "Peace and happiness! Signor Lamas—do you occupy all the room in this apartment?—is there not a little place for me?"

"Why should there not be room for you, as well as for us? We are both travellers."

"Excellent words! excellent words! You are Tartars—I am a Chinese; but you understand wonderfully the *rites*; you know that all men are brothers." After having made this speech, he went to tie up his horse by the side of our animals; then he deposited his little baggage on the *kang*, and stretched himself at full length, like a man tired out. "Ah ya! Ah ya!" he cried; "here I am at an inn. Ah ya! it's better here than on the road; ah ya! let's rest ourselves a bit." "Where are you going?" we asked, "and why do you wear a sabre?" "Ah ya! I've already been a long way and I have a good deal further to go. I'm traversing the Tartar countries, and in these deserts it is good to have a sword by one's side; one is not always sure of meeting with worthy people." "Do you, perhaps, belong to some Chinese company, trading in salt or white mushrooms?" "No; I belong to a great house of business in Pekin! I am sent to collect debts among the Tartars—and you—where are you going?" "We intend to cross the Yellow River, and continue our route towards the west, crossing the country of the Ortoos." "You are not Mongols, apparently?" "No; we are from the sky of the west." "Ah ya! we are then much about the same thing; our trade is not very different; you eat the Tartars as we do." "Eat the Tartars! What do you mean?" "Yes, our trade is to eat the Mongols. We eat them in trade; you by prayers. The Mongols are simple, why should we not profit by them to get money?" "You are mistaken; since we have been in Tartary we have spent a great deal of money, but we have never taken from the Mongols a single sapeck." "Ah ya! ah ya!" "You fancy that our camels, our baggage, and all is got out of the Tartars. You are mistaken; it has been all bought with money from our own country." "I thought you had come to Tartary to say prayers." "You are right; we did come for that, we do not understand trade."

M. Huc then entered into some explanations, endeavoring to make this worthy man understand that there was a possibility of being influenced by some other motive than the desire of gain. He expressed great astonishment at this new view of things, and laughed a great deal, but protested that he, at all events, knew better, and, but for the sake of the money he could squeeze out of them, would never set foot among the Tartars.

At these words he began to laugh immoderately, swallowing, at the same time, great bumpers of tea. "Don't say that we are of the same trade," said we—"say merely that you are an eater of Tartars." "Ah! I believe you, we do gnaw them to the bones." "But we should like to know how you go about it?" "Why, don't you understand the Tartars?—don't you know that they are like children? When they come into our places of business, they want to have everything they see. They seldom have any money, but we come to their assistance; we give them merchandise on credit, and so they ought of course to pay dearer. When they carry away goods without leaving

money, of course there must be a little interest of thirty or forty per cent. Isn't that fair? And then the interest accumulates, and presently one comes to compound interest. That can only be done with the Tartars—in China the emperor's laws are against it; but we, who are obliged to be running incessantly about this land of grass, we have a right to compound interest; so a Tartar debt is never paid—it goes on from generation to generation. Every year we go and get the interest, which is paid in sheep, camels, oxen, horses, &c. All that is worth much more than the money. We get the animals from the Tartars at a low price, and sell them very dear. Oh! it's a capital thing, let me tell you, is a Tartar debt. It's a real mine of gold."

It does sometimes happen, however, that the astute Chinese speculator finds the tables turned upon him, and "catches a Tartar" in a different sense. M. Huc relates an instance of a Tartar bringing an ingot of bad silver to sell to a mercantile house in Pekin. The baseness of the metal was not perceived; but when it was weighed, that the Tartar might receive the value, he was, as he had foreseen, cheated egregiously in the weight. As soon as the fraud was discovered, the Tartar was seized, but he triumphantly produced the receipt given him for the silver, declaring that the bad ingot could not possibly be his, as it evidently weighed more than the one he had sold. The ingot was then weighed in court, and the weight was found to be as he had stated. The Chinese court then decided that the Tartar was not the maker of the base silver, and that probably the merchants were, and sentenced them to punishment accordingly.

During the early part of their journey the missionaries found that the mournful predictions of their Chinese converts, of the perils and disasters to be encountered in the wilderness, were greatly exaggerated. They were exposed, indeed, to many hardships and serious inconveniences. Sometimes, either from want of fuel or some other cause, their attempts at cookery failed, and they had to trust, in a great measure, to the berries they could gather in the forest. Sometimes they and their baggage were so drenched with violent rains, succeeded by piercingly cold winds, that there appeared some likelihood of their being frozen to death. But they were mostly helped through these difficulties by the kindness and hospitality of the wandering Mongols, whom they describe, notwithstanding their rough and somewhat repulsive exterior, as extremely mild and good-natured, naïve and credulous as children, and of an excitable temperament, passing rapidly from a state of extravagant gaiety to deep melancholy. The general aspect of their country is wild and mournful; the monotony of the steppes is only broken by rocky hills or deep ravines; and the great elevation of the ground, the nitrous substances with which it is impregnated, and the deficiency of cultivation, render the climate excessively severe. M. Huc considers that there are in Mongolia but two seasons, namely, nine months of vigorous winter, and three of summer, during which the heat is suffocating. It is also subject to the most rapid changes of temperature.

The real terrors of the journey, however, were met in crossing the mountains of Thibet. As the missionaries had it greatly at heart to penetrate to Lassa, (or, as they write it, Lha-Ssa,) the grand head-quarters of Buddhism, they resolved, after three months' travelling in Mongolian Tartary, to

turn southward, and reëntering China, to traverse the province of Kan-Sou, and, if possible, join some caravan that should be journeying in the required direction. They no longer felt any fear of plunging alone, and without the protection even of one of their catechists, into the prohibited Chinese Empire, for they had several times resided, for a considerable period, in commercial towns; they had managed their affairs for themselves, and become familiar with Chinese customs, and, though they spoke with a Tartar idiom, the language no longer presented any difficulty. Besides this, the wind, the rain, and the sun had, by this time, produced a tint on their skins that made it difficult to recognize them as Europeans. They reached the borders of the Ho-Hang-Ho, or Yellow river, which they had to cross at the period of one of its great inundations; but, as they had not money enough to wait in the town, where they were, till the subsidence of the flood, they determined to attempt the passage immediately.

We set out on our march with our hearts full of courage and confidence in the protection of God. The old Tartar who lodged us so hospitably wished to conduct us to the outside of the town. There he pointed out in the distance a long wreath of thick vapor which seemed to float from west to east; it marked the course of the Yellow River. "At the place where you see that mist," said the Tartar, "there is a great dyke, which serves to restrain the river within its bed when the increase of water is not very great. When you have reached it, you will proceed along the shore as far as the little pagoda, that you see down there on your right; there you will find a boat that will take you to the other side of the Yellow River. Do not lose sight of this pagoda, and you will not lose your way." After having thanked the good old man for his attentions we pursued our journey. We soon found ourselves in fields filled with yellowish and stagnant water. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, extended immense marshes, only intersected here and there by small dykes which the water had lately abandoned. The laborers of these countries had been forced to become boatmen, and we saw them moving from place to place in little skiffs which they managed to guide across these fields. We advanced, however, through these drowned lands, but with inexpressible difficulty and slowness. Our poor camels were quite beside themselves. The soft slippery ground that they found everywhere beneath their feet, only allowed them to move in a series of slides; and when you saw their heads turning incessantly from side to side with the most anxious expressions, their limbs shivering, while the perspiration dripped from every part of their body, you would have thought every moment they were going to faint. It was almost noon when we arrived at a little village, and though we had only gone half a league, we had made so many circuits, and we had described such a zig-zag in our painful march, that we were exhausted with fatigue. We had hardly reached the village when we were surrounded by a crowd of miserable creatures covered with rags, who escorted us as far as a large piece of water, at which we were compelled to stop, since we had no means of going on; we saw before us an immense lake, extending as far as the dyke on the banks of the Yellow river. Some boatmen presented themselves, and undertook to convey us so far as we could easily, they said, get along the dyke to the little pagoda, where we should find a boat. We asked the master of the boat how much he would take to carry us as far as the dyke? "Oh, a trifle," he said, "a mere nothing. We can take the men and their baggage—the horse and the mule in our boat; and a man can conduct the camels across the lake. Our boats are too small to receive them.

A few sapecks for so much work—it is going through a great deal for nothing." "You are right, you will have much labor, of course; no one says otherwise; but speak a little more clearly—how much do you require?" "Oh, a mere nothing—we are all brothers—you are travellers, we are aware of that. We ought to take you gratis—it would be only our duty; but look at us—at our clothes; we are poor, our boat is our all—we must live by it. Five *lis* of rowing—three men, a horse, a mule, the baggage; well, as you are religious men, we will only ask two thousand sapecks." The price was most exorbitant, and we did not answer a single word, but turned round and feigned to be going back. But we had scarcely gone twenty paces when the master of the boat came running after us.

After a little expenditure of eloquence on both sides, five hundred sapecks were offered and accepted; but just as the party were about to step into the boat, the worthy Charon made one more attempt to carry his point:—

"Look here," he called out to one of his companions, "we're going to row five *lis*," and at last we're only to have fifteen hundred sapecks to divide between us eight." "What do you mean by fifteen hundred?" we cried; "this is mere mockery;" and once more we turned round and began to move off.

Ultimately the affair was arranged by the intervention of the "mediators," indispensable in all Chinese bargains, at eight hundred sapecks, and the missionaries reached the dyke in safety, and passed the night on the steps of a little lonely temple on the banks of the majestic Ho-Hoang-Ho.

It was not without feelings of lively satisfaction, that after three months' wandering in the bleak and hungry desert, MM. Hue and Gabet found themselves comfortably lodged at the "Hotel of Justice and Mercy," in the town of Che-Tsai-Dze, in the Chinese province of Kan-Sou, where provisions are abundant, varied, and of astonishing cheapness. At all hours of the day and night, we are told, ambulatory restaurateurs traverse the streets with soups, ragouts of mutton and beef, vegetables, pastry, rice, vermicelli, &c. The Great Wall at this part is little more than a heap of ruins; but the works for the irrigation of the fields are on a magnificent scale. There are few villages, but farms large or small, separated by fields, and surrounded by trees, and on the irrigation days, the country people move about in boats. To the traveller, of course, the irrigations are very unwelcome, as they overflow the roads and encumber them with mud; but the inhabitants rejoice in them. The commencement of the new year is in China, as in most other countries, a subject of festivity; the last days of the old have also their peculiar celebration. They are days of universal quarrelling.

It is at this time that every one sets his accounts in order, and goes to worry his debtors; all the Chinese are both debtors and creditors, and it results from this that everybody is both pursuing and pursued. That man who has just been raising such a disturbance in the house of his neighbor, comes home and finds that his house has been turned topsy-turvy by some one who has claims upon him. On every side vociferations, abuse, wrangling and fighting are going on. On the last day of the year, the disorder is at its height; every one hastens to realize—to sell whatever they can lay hands on. The avenues to the pawnbrokers are blocked up. Clothes, bedding, cooking utensils, furniture of every kind, are being carried along them, and those who have emptied their

* The Chinese *li* is less than half a mile English.

Louises, look elsewhere for some resource. They run to their relations and friends, and borrow things which they say they are going to return immediately, but which find their way instantly to the Tang-Pou. This anarchy lasts till midnight, and then all is suddenly quiet. No one is allowed to claim his debts any more, or even to make the least allusion to them. Everybody fraternizes with everybody, and no words are heard but those of peace and benevolence. Those who a few minutes before seemed on the point of cutting each other's throats, are now only contending in mutual politeness and cordiality.

A period of eighteen months elapsed before the French travellers were able to meet with an opportunity of going to Lha-Ssa. The route is almost unknown, but we have only space to indicate briefly some of its most remarkable features. One of these is the Kouk-ou-Noor, or Blue Lake, which is described as of vastly greater dimensions than is commonly supposed—so great, indeed, that it rather merits the name of sea, being not less than three hundred miles in circumference. The waters are salt and bitter, and, according to M. Huc, exhibit the phenomenon of tides like the ocean. The vast plains which lie around its shores, are watered by numerous brooks, and, though destitute of trees, produce such fine grass, that they are much resorted to by the Mongols, notwithstanding the numerous and audacious robbers by whom they are infested. So formidable have these attacks become, that the embassy formerly sent from Peking to Lha-Ssa every year, now only goes every three years, as it is then accompanied by a stronger body of travellers. It was in an immense caravan of this kind that the author and his companion, after waiting long for the opportunity, at length found means to undertake the formidable passage across the most elevated region of Central Asia. The party consisted of the Ambassador with his escort of three hundred Chinese soldiers and two hundred Tartars, and of two thousand travellers, Thibetan and Tartar, mounted, some on horses, some on camels, and others on the long-haired oxen of the country; and carrying with them fifteen thousand oxen and twelve hundred horses. This vast and noisy multitude halted from time to time on a wide plain, or on a mountain side, to allow the animals to recover from their fatigue, and, pitching their tents of every form and color, raised on a sudden an extensive city, that was destined to vanish again as quietly as it had arisen. The weather during the first part of the journey was magnificent, and the travellers began to fancy that they had been entertaining a very magnified idea of its hardships. But this pleasing illusion did not last long.

Six days after our departure we had to cross the Poutrain-Gol, a river which falls into the Blue Lake. The waters are not very deep, but being divided into twelve branches approaching very near each other, they occupy a space of more than three miles. We had the misfortune to arrive at the first branch long before daylight, and when the water was frozen, but not strongly enough to serve as a bridge. The horses had arrived first and were terrified, and would not advance. They stopped on the banks, and gave the long-haired oxen time to come up with them. Soon the whole caravan became assembled on this spot, and it would be impossible to describe the confusion and disorder that reigned in this immense throng enveloped in the darkness of the night. At length several horsemen urged on their horses, and broke the ice in many places, and then the whole caravan rushed *pêle mèle* into the river. The animals drove against each other and dashed up the water, the ice gave way, the men

vociferated; it was a frightful tumult; and then, when the first arm of the river had been thus passed, the whole work was to be done again with the second, third, and every succeeding branch. When day broke the "sacred embassy" was still splashing in the water.

The Mongols declared the passage had been an admirable one, as there were only two oxen drowned, and one man who had his legs broken. The Frenchmen thought it bad enough, but worse remained behind.

When the caravan resumed its march it presented a most ludicrous appearance. Men and beasts were loaded with icicles; the poor horses were dreadfully embarrassed with their tails, which stuck out in a solid piece, as if they had been made of lead instead of hair. The camels had the long hair on their legs laden with magnificent icicles, which rattled against each other with a harmonious sound; but, pretty ornaments as they were, the camels did not seem at all pleased with them, and did all they could to shake them off by striking their feet hard against the ground. The long-haired oxen were real caricatures; they walked with their legs wide apart, bearing painfully the enormous load of stalactites which hung down quite to the ground. The poor beasts were so shapeless, and so covered with icicles, that they looked as if they had been preserved in sugar-candy.

After quitting the plains of the Kouk-ou-Noor, the country suddenly changes its aspect, and becomes savage and gloomy in the highest degree. The soil is dry and stony, and scarcely capable of supporting a few dried brambles impregnated with saltpetre.

The ascent of the mountain Bourhan-Botu, in itself steep and difficult, was rendered additionally painful by the presence, near the ground, of a certain deleterious gas—apparently carbonic acid—which escapes from some fissure, and spreads itself along its side. The limbs of men and horses sunk under them; every face turned pale; no fire could be kindled; the breath was drawn with difficulty; and a sensation resembling sea-sickness almost deprived the caravan of the power of motion. When they reached a certain height, the air again became wholesome and the distressing symptoms at once disappeared. The name of the mountain—Bourhan-Botu, signifies, it seems, the kitchen of Buddha. Some days afterwards, another mountain put the strength and courage of the travellers to the proof.

The march was to be a long and trying one. The usual signal for the departure of the caravan, the firing of a cannon, was heard an hour after midnight. We made some tea with melted snow, took a good meal of *tsamba*, seasoned with a little finely-chopped garlic, and set forth on our way. When the immense caravan first got into motion, the sky was clear, and a resplendent moon shone on the carpet of snow with which the ground was entirely covered. But soon the sky became overcast, the wind blew with violence continually increasing, and the snow proved to be so deep that it reached the horses' bellies; and some of them fell into hollows from which it was impossible to extricate them. * * * The ground was continually rising as we advanced, and the cold had increased to frightful intensity. Soon death began to make his harvest in our caravan; the want of water and the scarcity of food exhausted the animals. Every day we had to abandon beasts of burden that could no longer drag along their loads. The turn of the men came next and the very sight of the road we were traversing excited the most mournful forebodings. We had for some days been journeying through what seemed the excavations of a vast cemetery. Human

bones and the skeletons of animals that we met with at every step, seemed to warn us that in this murderous region the caravans that had preceded us had not had a better fate than ourselves.

The sufferings of the wayfarers from this time were excessive. The cold was so severe that two or three balls of dough steeped in boiling tea, enveloped in cloths, and placed on their breasts, under a covering of three sheepskins and a blanket, were invariably found frozen. On one occasion, when they were approaching a frozen river, they perceived what looked like a line of little dark islets across it. On a nearer approach, they proved to be wild oxen, frozen firmly into the ice, which was so transparent, that though only the heads were above the surface, the whole animal was distinctly visible. They had been long dead, and the crows and eagles had already picked out their eyes. Before the caravan arrived at the goal of its long and painful march, more than forty men had to be left in the desert.

They were kept on their horses or camels as long as there was the least hope, but when they could neither eat nor speak, nor hold themselves up, they were left exposed on the road. The caravan could not stop for them in an uninhabited desert, exposed to wild beasts, to robbers, and the want of provisions. As a last token of interest in their fate, a wooden bowl and a little bag of barley flour were placed beside them, and then the caravan sadly pursued its way.

The long-dreaded robbers came at last too, but for this and other incidents of the route, we must refer to the volumes themselves. The whole passage across these formidable deserts of Thibet occupied a period of more than three months; and on the 29th of January, 1846, about sunset, the exhausted travellers at length caught sight of Lha-Ssa, the metropolis of the Buddhist world, surrounded by a girdle of trees, many centuries old; its large white houses, the numerous temples with their girdled roofs, and high above all the majestic palace of the Talé-Lama, with its dome entirely covered with plates of gold, and surrounded by a peristyle, of which the columns are also gilt. At the entrance of the town they were met by some Mongols with whom they had become acquainted on the road, and who, having hastened on and preceded them by some days, now came to beg them to alight at their lodgings.

The day after our arrival at Lha-Ssa, we took a Thibetian guide, and traversed the different quarters of the town, in search of lodgings to hire. The houses of Lha-Ssa are generally large, of many stories, and terminated with a terrace, slightly inclined, to facilitate the draining off of rain-water. They are covered with whitewash, with the exception of some borders, and the frameworks of the doors and windows, which are painted red or yellow. The reformed Buddhists are particularly fond of these two colors; they are, so to speak, sacred in their eyes, and they call them Lama colors. The inhabitants of Lha-Ssa, having the custom of painting their houses every year, they are usually very clean, and always look as if newly built, but the insides are far from being in harmony with the fair appearance of the outside. The apartments are dirty, smoky, strong-smelling, and encumbered with furniture and utensils, thrown here and there in disgusting disorder.

The Thibetian habitations are, in fact, nothing more than great whitened sepulchres—a true image of Buddhism, and all false religions, which take care to clothe with dogmatic truths, and all moral principles, the falsehood and corruption which they contain. After long investigations, we chose at length a small lodg-

ing which formed part of an immense house containing about fifty inhabitants.

Our poor apartment was on an upper story, which was reached by twenty-six steps of wood, without any banisters, and so steep and narrow that, to avoid breaking your neck, it was prudent to ascend them on the hands and knees. Our lodging was composed of a large square room, and a little corridor, which we called our cabinet. The room was lighted by a narrow window on the north-east side, garnished with three great wooden bars, and by an aperture in the roof. This latter served for many different purposes; firstly, it admitted daylight, wind, rain, and snow; and secondly, it served as a chimney.

To mitigate the cold of winter, the Thibetians place in the middle of their rooms a vessel of baked earth, in which they burn *argols* (dried dung.) As this fuel has the failing of emitting more smoke than heat, when you wish to warm yourself, you understand all the advantage of having a hole above your head. This invaluable hole makes it possible to light a fire without being suffocated; it certainly has the disadvantage of sometimes drenching you; but when one has been leading a nomadic life, one does not mind a trifle. The furniture of our apartment consisted of two goat-skins, stretched to the right and left of our fire-place, two saddles, our travelling tent, some old pairs of boots, two broken trunks, three torn garments hung upon nails, our blankets rolled up into a bundle, and in the corner a store of the *argols* for fuel. It will be seen, therefore, that we were quite on the level of Thibetian civilization.

In Lha-Ssa, as elsewhere, the Frenchmen were received with civility by the Buddhist priests. On one occasion apartments were assigned to them inside a convent of Lamas; they were listened to with attention and respect, and called the Lamas of Jehovah. Whether this portended, as they supposed, the great success that was to crown their missionary labors, is a point that cannot now be decided, as their residence at Lha-Ssa was brought to a premature conclusion by the interference of the Chinese ambassador, who insisted on their being sent out of the country.

The Chinese influence is at all times great in Thibet, and at the time of M. Huc's arrival, recent events had increased its strength. The government of Thibet is, as is known, theocratic. The Talé-Lama (usually written Dalai-Lama) is the political and religious sovereign of all the countries of Thibet. In his hands resides all power—legislative, executive, and administrative; and he is not controlled in its exercise by any inconvenient charter or constitution, being regarded as the living Buddha, or actual embodiment of the divinity on earth. But as, nevertheless, it will sometimes happen that he dies, or, in the language of the Buddhists, that he is pleased to transmigrate, it is necessary for the great assembly of Lamas to point out from time to time the child in whose form any Talé-Lama has thought proper to revive, as well as to elect a Nomekhan, or lay sovereign, who is to attend to affairs beneath the living Buddha's dignity to interfere in. In the year 1844, it happened that the Talé-Lamas had taken to *transmigrating* with such extraordinary rapidity, that the inhabitants of Lha-Ssa were seized with consternation. Three Talé-Lamas had disappeared in rapid succession, and whispers went abroad that they had been assisted to effect their transmigration by poison, strangling, and other mere mortal methods. The Superior Lama of one of the great Lama Convents, who was known to have been much devoted to the last, died also at the same time. Public opinion pointed to the Nomekhan, and to his jealousy of

the 'Talé-Lama's authority, as the source of these unoward events; and the ministers applied to the Court of Peking to use its influence for the protection of the newly-made divinity. An ambassador, Ki-Chan, was sent to Thibet; he caused the Nomekhan to be arrested, and employed some of the gentle methods frequently practised in China in such cases, such as ordering long needles to be driven under the nails of the deposed king; and by these means the Chinese authorities declared "truth was separated from error, and the conduct of Nomekhan was made manifest to open day." The government of Thibet, at the arrival of the French missionaries, was administered by a regent, as both the existing Talé-Lama and the Nomekhan were infants; but though this functionary appeared himself to be extremely well-disposed towards them, he was compelled to yield to the Chinese, and desire their departure from his capital. They were sent back to China at the cost of the emperor, and ordered to submit to a solemn trial before the great mandarins of the Celestial Empire. For what took place on this occasion, as well as for a more detailed account of the interior of China, which he has had such rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with, we are referred to a future work, to be written in the intervals of the missionary labors in Mongol-Tartary, to which the author has returned. We shall look for its appearance with considerable interest, as, notwithstanding a certain bias of opinion, and a tendency to credulity, inseparable, perhaps, from his position, his powers, both of observation and description, are sufficient, in combination with the freshness of the material, to produce an acceptable and valuable book.

We may not be disposed to admit as readily as he does the probability, for instance, of a certain Lama of Thibet being able to rip himself open with a knife whenever he pleases, and close the wound by merely passing his hand over it, accounting for the fact simply by the agency of the devil. On such matters as these we will agree to differ, and follow, with no less pleasure, the narrative, of whose perfect good faith we see no reason to doubt. In the whole history of the Church of Rome, there is nothing on which the eye can rest with so little alloy to its satisfaction as on that of the wanderings and labors of her missionaries. The humble sons of that church are the leaven "that leaveneth the whole lump." Their poverty and simplicity have, in some measure, atoned for the pride and luxury of popes and cardinals; and it is to such narratives as these we turn when we would know how it happens that a vessel, in many parts so rotten, and so long since declared unseaworthy, and about to founder, has yet outlived the storms of a thousand years. In considering the history of this, as well as of some other time-honored institutions, we cannot but be often struck with the astonishing vitality of goodness, and how small a comparative portion will preserve a whole mass for ages from putrefaction.

From the Spectator.

THE STANDARD OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINES.

A CHARGE of slowness has been brought against the agricultural implements exhibited at the Crystal Palace by the United States: they are not slight, says an American, in a letter to the *Times*, but light. Heavy English implements would be as little suited to the galloping style of agriculture

across the Atlantic, as their expense would to the pockets of emigrants or working settlers. Farmers in this country feel the burden of expenditure for implements of a certain traditional weight and dignity, as much as the agricultural laborer must groan under the financial burden entailed by the traditional dignity of his smock frock with those elaborate stitchings which custom so carefully preserves. So writes the American; and the retort is not unmerited.

We have seen at the Exhibition specimens of the British laborer in full canonicals; a familiar object, but seen under a new aspect. Of all the agricultural implements, this one struck us as the least improved. In the international display of costume, this staple of the British nation, "its country's pride," did not stand forth in very picturesque aspect. If low diet has left any substance in the man, his dress is the best disguise of it. It is, you see, not unlike a woman's bed-dress, with differences not in its favor. The stitching, especially, which he preserves with so much traditional affection, much detracts from the dignity naturally inherent in the simple drapery of a night-gown: on the breast and between the shoulders no small portion of the stuff is drawn into "gathers," firmly stitched and restitched, and forming in either case a sort of plate a few inches square. The effect is peculiar; behind, few things could so well aid the slouching shoulders in destroying every appearance of breadth; in front, the little stomach, flat amid the unshapely fulness around it, gives to the chest the appearance of being stove in. On his feet this agricultural implement wears boots which constrict the ankle and destroy the play of the foot; humanly speaking, the man cannot walk, he can only hobble. But by long practice and a perfect resignation, he does contrive to get along in a measured hobble, which suggests a certain dignity of patience. He cannot walk, he cannot talk; his mind hobbles as slowly as his legs. The pains are bestowed in stitching his smock; his legs are defended from the possibility of being active; his mind—that has been left merely fallow. No system of rotation crops has been extended to that. The man is the living exemplar of agriculture in its boasted prime! the tool and product of agriculture under protection—of agriculture as Protectionists would maintain it.

It has occurred to agriculturalists, even in England, that perhaps their trade would not be injured if they were to improve this implement among the rest. Talk of backwardness or slowness! No implement in the whole Exposition is so ill-conceived as this; so rude; at once so slight and so heavy; so ill-adapted for working in any kind of soil. There can be no question that farmers would derive material benefit from the improvement of this machine. Besides, if we may trust a country tradition to that effect, this that we have been considering as a machine is by nature allied to the human species, and ought to have a soul, which might perhaps be worthy cultivating on his own account.

But our cautious readers will warn us that here we are trenching on the dangerous ground of theology. We say no more: we make no positive assertions, no peremptory suggestions; we will not presume the question of soul; we will not insist that anybody ought to interfere. If we have made a motion without being aware of it, we hasten to withdraw it, as they do in Parliament.

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

HARRIETTE; OR, THE RASH REPLY.

I.

GEORGE WILLIAM BERTRAM, Esq., of Fernielee, was the representative of an old family in one of the southern counties of Scotland. The Bertrams had never occupied a distinguished place among the gentry of the country; they had never done anything to benefit others or to aggrandize themselves; they had never been heard of beyond the limits of their own district; their name was unknown to history alike for deeds of honor and infamy; but they could count I cannot tell how many generations, and they possessed a landed property which, thanks to the entail, had never passed out of the family. They were thus undeniably respectable, and were known and visited by everybody, although not much sought after by any—at least of the class to which they belonged: for though perfectly unexceptionable, their society could convey little distinction.

The present laird of Fernielee was placed in peculiarly trying circumstances. While fortune had denied him a son and heir, she had lavishly bestowed upon him six daughters, all grown up, and all unmarried. This was a compound evil; for the property, being entailed in the male line, passed to a distant branch of the family, and the income it yielded not being large, there seemed no possibility of providing suitably for the girls save by marriage; and though the eldest was now twenty-seven, no eligible admirer had yet presented himself to any of them. True, Miss Susan, the second daughter, had, when at the age of nineteen, imprudently contracted an engagement with a young man she had met when on a visit from home; but as this youth was neither rich nor well-born, the engagement was summarily broken off by Mr. Bertram, and poor Susan, from a laughing girl with rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes, became pale, and silent, and fretful, and almost as uncomfortably anxious to be well-married as her plain and common-place elder sister. At one time great hopes had been entertained that a neighboring laird would propose to the third daughter, Harriette; but after a time the flattering prospect seemed to vanish, and the gentleman in question, after a sojourn of six months at Cheltenham, returned home with an English bride. The laird and his family in general were much chagrined. Harriette, indeed, bore it wonderfully well. The world believed her to be disappointed, but gave her credit for being a girl of spirit, who would not wear the willow. The world, however, gave Miss Harriette Bertram more credit than she deserved; for she was not a slighted maiden, but, on the contrary, Mr. Johnstone of the Grange was her rejected suitor. As little, however, as the world did her own family guess the real state of the matter. She knew that it would have been in vain to plead to her father that Mr. Johnstone was vulgar in manners and person, and mean and illiterate in mind, and she therefore studiously concealed her rejection of his suit—a rejection which he himself took good care not to publish, and which he had never forgiven. As for Jane, Ellen, and Anne, the three younger Miss Bertrams, they belonged to the everyday class of young ladies. They did worsted work and crochet; doted on sentimental verses, the more meaningless the better; were devoted to waltzes and polkas; conversed chiefly about beaux and dress; always spoke in

the hyperbolic vein; were perpetually imagining themselves in love, and were occasionally slightly jealous of each other, though more frequently on perfectly amicable terms. Their eldest sister, Marianne, they considered “a downright old maid, and far too plain to be married;” Susan they thought might still have a chance; while Harriette’s establishment was certain, if she would only give a little more encouragement to her admirers. But I must now make my readers acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Bertram.

The former was a little, foolish, fussy, important-looking man, with dark features, a long nose, and quick black eyes, which seemed to bespeak restlessness of disposition rather than activity of mind. As to the rest, he had a querulous, jealous temper, an insatiable craving after personal and social consequence, was fond of gossip, and totally devoid of anything resembling dignity of character. His wife had been a beauty in her youth, but her tall, elegant figure was prematurely bent from ill-health, the light of her glancing eyes dimmed with care, and her once gay spirit broken by the incessant worry of her daily life. Originally possessed of a fair share of abilities, her mind, ever since her marriage, had lain fallow, for she had neither aim nor hope in cultivating it. Poor Mrs. Bertram! gentle, quiet, and subdued, she lived alone in the world, and endeavored to find, in the hope of a better, consolation for her cheerless lot in the present. Even in her children’s love, though passionately fond of them, she found but little sympathy. She shrank from their mirth and their gayety, haunted by a feeling that her presence must be a check to their joy; while they, accustomed to see her all their lives plodding silently and uncomplainingly on amid her household cares, guessed not that it had ever been different with her, or that their confidence would have added to her happiness. She, too, wished her daughters were married, as she saw no other prospect of their being provided for, having endeavored in vain to persuade her husband to insure his life. It was her proposal, her idea, and therefore could not be entertained. Was he not capable of judging for himself? Did he not know that these rascally offices made money by their transactions? Where, then, could be the economy in having anything to do with them? Mrs. Bertram shrank, however, from the idea of her daughters marrying from mercenary motives, and looked forward to their future with that melancholy resignation which characterized all her anticipations of a temporal nature.

Fernielee was an old-fashioned place, sweetly situated in one of the wilder districts in the south of Scotland. When I say old-fashioned, I do not mean, however, that the mansion was rendered picturesque by gable-ends and turrets, and innumerable stacks of quaint chimneys; nor do I mean that it was covered with ivy, or had a hall, with “storied windows richly light.” There are few such mansions in Scotland, and Fernielee assuredly was not one of them. On the contrary, it was one of the very plainest edifices one could imagine. It was built of rough gray stone, with a long plain front, and long rows of small windows, with a very steep roof of gray slates, or rather slabs, in many places overgrown with moss and lichens. The door, which was in the middle of the house, was approached by a long flight of moss-grown steps, with long thin gray iron railings, round which some creeping plants made an ineffectual

attempt to climb. The house was situated at the top of a gentle declivity, which might have been made a pretty lawn but for the grass-covering, which was generally rough and unshaven. At the foot of this bank flowed a stream, here and there overhung by low alders and birches, and dwarf-trees of various descriptions. Behind the house rose a green hill, used as pasture-ground for sheep; while on the right and left stretched away to some little distance plantations of various kinds of woods, conspicuous among which at present was the mountain ash, with its clusters of coral berries. In front there was a view of some heathy hills, not high, but wild, interspersed with green knolls, and ferny or broomy glens, down which generally tumbled and sparkled a little streamlet. Although a very pretty place, there was about it a certain air of desolation. The trees wanted pruning, and the walks weeding. Within, though neat and tidy, and full of young and blooming girls, it was dull too: and to-day, when I am about to introduce you to its interior, it was unusually so. Mr. Bertram and five of his daughters had gone to the races, which were to be held near a town a few miles from Fernielee; Mrs. Bertram was busy at work in the breakfast parlor; and Harriette was reading in her own room—for Harriette did not care for races, and had remained at home.

Harriette Bertram was generally allowed to be a pretty girl, and not without some reason. Her well-proportioned figure was light, active, and graceful; her movements easy, quiet, and natural. Her complexion, though pale, was remarkably fresh and clear; her eyes large and beaming, and full of an ever-changeable expression; and her rich, dark hair singularly soft and luxuriant. What she wanted in regularity of feature and brilliancy of color was amply atoned for by the vivacity and intelligence of her expression, the sweetness of her ready smile, and the spirit of her manner and bearing. There was nothing insipid in her appearance—it everywhere bespoke what we call *character*, and was, besides, preëminently lady-like. And in truth her appearance belied her not. A warm sensibility, generous, and even noble impulses, with a refined sensitiveness of disposition almost approaching to fastidiousness, and a spirited, though sweet, affectionate temper, were among her most distinguishing characteristics. The faults of her character grew, as it were, out of its beauties. The warmth of her feelings, and the glow of an imagination, ever, ere reflection came to her aid, prone to paint in brighter or in darker colors, as the case might be, each incident which befell her, obscured the clearness of her judgment, and led her to act from the impulse of the moment rather than from the good sense she really possessed. In short, she needed the teaching of life, and a touch, perchance, of the discipline of sorrow, to give regular beauty to a mind which was yet but a wilderness of flowers.

Harriette, I have said, was reading—one of those noble books which warm and elevate the heart while they expand the mind. She raised her eyes from time to time, and looked up in thought, her countenance full of a lofty gladness. At last her glance fell on a ball-dress, which, with its various accessories, lay spread out on a bed before her. "Ah!" she thought, as the sight of it recalled to her everyday cares—"I wish I were not going. I may enjoy it perhaps, but not as I enjoy this quiet morning. Everybody seems so common-

place! I wonder if I shall ever meet any one different? There must surely be many, and yet I never met one. But now I must go down to mamma."

At dinner, Mr. Bertram and his daughters were full of the races; the former was in unusual glee. "Had a bow from the marquis, Mrs. Bertram! indeed, his lordship was uncommonly gracious; said, when he passed me the second time, 'A fine autumn day, Mr. Bertram; but rather windy.'" The marchioness, too, shook hands with Marianne on the stand, and bowed to the rest of the girls. There was a Mr. Hartley, of Sandilands Hall, in Hampshire, there, who paid a good deal of attention to Susan, so I asked him here to dinner to-morrow after the races. It would be an excellent match for her. Be sure, Mrs. Bertram, that you have everything in good style."

"What sort of person is Mr. Hartley?" faintly inquired Mrs. Bertram.

"Person! Mrs. Bertram! Of course he is a proper person, otherwise I should not think of encouraging him to address one of my daughters. Really, Mrs. Bertram, you surprise me. You might have a little dependence on my judgment, I think. No doubt it is vastly inferior to your own; still, madam, I would have you know I am not an absolute fool." Mrs. Bertram returned no answer, but bent her head over her plate.

Susan said in a kind tone to her mother: "He is not very handsome, mamma, and not very young either; but so very agreeable, and scientific, and all that; and everybody speaks well of him."

"But oh," cried Ellen, "there was such a charming young man there! a cousin of Mr. Hartley's—and they are both staying at the Grange—a Mr. Clavering, a London barrister, exquisitely good-looking, and amazingly clever, they say. I hope he may dance with me to-night; and by the by, that reminds me I have the pink flowers to fasten in my dress."

II.

The Bertrams were, as usual, among the first in the ball-room; they were all, with the exception of Marianne, who had a cold, looking uncommonly well to-night. Susan's complexion looked, by gaslight, dazzlingly fair, while excitement had lent a glow to her cheek and a light to her eyes. She danced the first dance with Mr. Hartley. Harriette, not having an interesting partner, and being a little tired, sat down as soon as the dance was over. The seat she had chosen was under the music-gallery, which was supported by pillars. Seated near one of those, she was completely concealed by it from the observation of two gentlemen on the other side, whose conversation she was thus unintentionally obliged to overhear. One of them inquired who her sister Susan was. The other, who was Harriette's rejected suitor, replied: "One of the Bertrams of Fernielee—the greatest husband-hunters in the country."

"Ah! I have heard of them since I came to the Grange. They are quite notorious, I suppose?"

"Oh, quite! So you had better take care of yourself. Your friend Hartley seems quite captivated." The gentleman laughed.

"Oh, but I am not very easily caught."

"I should recommend you, however, to beware of Mr. Bertram's traps." The speakers then walked away.

Harriette remained with flushed cheeks and a mortified spirit; for, while she despised Mr. John-

stone and the petty revenge to which he had condescended, she was deeply annoyed by what she had heard of the reputation of her family, and all the more that she felt it was not undeserved. She was yet brooding over the disagreeable idea, when a partner was introduced to her as Mr. Clavering. The name she recognized as that of the London gentleman of whom her sisters had been speaking in the morning; while the tone of his voice, as he invited her to dance, convinced her at once that he was Mr. Johnstone's companion behind the pillar. In the present state of her feelings she would have declined dancing with him, if it had been possible; but it was not. The dance was a quadrille, and Mr. Clavering exerted himself to be agreeable, or rather he was agreeable without exertion. By degrees Harriette's uncomfortable feelings began to vanish under the influence of his conversation. It was evident, at all events, that he was not afraid of her society, for he danced several times with her, and engaged her as his partner at the supper-table. In her limited circle and secluded nook of the world, Harriette had certainly never before met so agreeable a person, and the time seemed to fly during their animated conversation.

Mr. Clavering was a young man not much above thirty, whose talents had already opened for him at the bar a career full of promise. In person he was about the middle height, gentlemanly and unobtrusive, rather than strikingly elegant in manner. His features were good, though rather large, more especially the mouth, which was, however, well-shaped, and expressed at once firmness and good temper. His eyes were gray, but large and full of thought and animation; while his light-brown hair was smoothly parted over a square, solid, open forehead. His countenance altogether was manly and intelligent; while his manner and bearing were characterized by that air of ease and decision which is bestowed by extensive intercourse with the world, mingled with an indescribable something which, without being conceit, yet seemed to denote the consciousness of superior abilities; and, in fact, such was Mr. Clavering's real character. A younger son, he was the cleverest of his own family. He had been successful at school and college, and professional prosperity already seemed to smile upon him; consequently, he could hardly fail to be aware of his own talents and attractions, while at the same time he had too much good sense and good feeling to be guilty of the folly and presumption of conceit. He was rather conscious of ability than vain of it; his manner, though bespeaking confidence in himself, was perfectly free from assumption, and possessed all that respect towards those whom he addressed without which no manner can be agreeable. He had been attracted by Harriette's beauty, which was of a style to charm a mind of an intellectual cast. On inquiring her name, he had been disappointed to find that she was one of the husband-hunting Miss Bertrams. Notwithstanding, however, he requested to be introduced to her, and was agreeably surprised to find her quite free from the manners of the class to which she was said to belong. He was surprised not only by the vivacity of her conversation, but by the uncommon amount of intellectual cultivation which, without any effort, any appearance of the littleness and vulgarity of showing off, it displayed. In truth, Harriette had never before found herself in society so congenial. Never had she been more charming; never had she looked more

beautiful. As Mr. Clavering handed her to the carriage, she was mortified to hear her father, in obsequious terms, invite him to join their party at dinner the following day, adding, as an inducement, "And you shall hear my daughter Harriette sing. She is allowed to have a fine voice, and I am sure will be delighted to exert it for you."

Mr. Clavering turned towards Harriette, but the dimness of the light prevented him from seeing her look of annoyance. "May I count on the pleasure Mr. Bertram promises me?" he asked.

"By no means," she replied. "I am often too much fatigued after a ball to be able to sing; so pray do not count upon me." She spoke with a smile on her lips, but with inward vexation.

He then bade her good-night, saying to himself, "If that girl be a husband-hunter, she is the most consummate adept that ever existed!"

As Harriette drove home, she mused over the evening. It had certainly been in one sense the most agreeable she had ever spent; at last she had obtained a glimpse of that mental superiority she had so longed to find; at last she had dared to be herself, with the pleasurable consciousness that she was understood, and was all the more agreeable for being so. But even this delightful evening had had its drawbacks, its moments of mortification—moments, too, which had left a sting behind. What would Mr. Clavering think of her father? What might he not even suppose of herself? And again and again, with an interest which surprised her, would these tormenting questions intrude.

Susan, meanwhile, was in great delight. It was astonishing to perceive the change one day had made in her appearance and spirits. She had danced nearly all night with Mr. Hartley, and he had testified very unequivocally his admiration for her. A source of interest had arisen for her. She was no longer without an aim. Susan had not the mental resources of her sister Harriette, neither had she the strength of character which distinguished the latter; and when her early love-affair was terminated by her father, she became the victim of *ennui*, and consequent low spirits. It was, however, the want of occupation for her thoughts, rather than disappointed affection, which was at the bottom of her melancholy; for though in truth a kind-hearted girl, Susan had not sufficient intensity of character to be capable of feeling a deep or fervent affection. Thus she could very easily persuade herself she was in love, when in fact she was only flattered. In short, Susan belonged to that numerous class of women—a class, however, which is far from containing all, or the best part of the sex—to whom marriage is the sole aim of life. The reason for this over-anxiety respecting marriage—always so deteriorating to the female character—is, we think, to be found chiefly in two causes, both operating in poor Susan's case; the one we have already alluded to—want of mental occupation, and a necessity implanted in human nature for having an object in life to hope for and to strive after; the other, that marriage is often the sole alternative of a life of poverty and neglect. There can be nothing more cruel than to educate women so as to fit them only for a life of ease and luxury, and then leave them destitute of all means of indulging it. Can we wonder that girls thus educated, and seeing in single life only the pinching struggle and the cold neglect, or at best the patronizing kindness which is too often the portion of the poor old maid, should eagerly endeavor to avert such a fate, even by rushing perchance into

a worse? No: we cannot wonder, when we consider how dear to human beings is the respect and consideration of their kind, and how comparatively few there are who, through depression and exaltation, through good report and evil report, can alike preserve a calm possession of soul and an unruffled dignity of temper.

"What a charming evening we have had, Harry!—have we not?" cried Susan, when the two sisters had withdrawn to the apartment they shared between them.

"Delightful indeed, in some respects!"

"Oh! in every respect. Mr. Hartley is an excessively clever man—so scientific, so fond of chemistry, and electricity, and geology, and all these things."

"I thought you did not care for these things."

"Neither I do; but still I like a man who does. How superior he is, after all, to poor George MacLaren. After all, I daresay papa was right, and George, poor fellow, would not have been a very suitable match for me. How much Mr. Clavering seemed to admire you, Harriette! Mr. Hartley says he is very clever; so I daresay he would be just the thing for you. How I should like it, my dear Harriette!"

"Like what, Susan?—that Mr. Clavering should marry me, do you mean? I have no design on Mr. Clavering's heart or hand. On further acquaintance he might turn out very different from what he appears. Oh! my dear sister Susan, let us not degrade ourselves in our own eyes or in the eyes of others by scheming for an establishment. It makes me feel miserable to think that any one should say we do."

"Dear me, Harriette! I would be above minding what people say; and as to refusing a good offer on that account, it would be very foolish. Not that I would marry anybody that I did not like, I can assure you. You have such odd notions, Harry, that, though you are the prettiest, and the cleverest, and the best too, I should not wonder if you were an old maid after all."

"And if I were, it would not much signify. No, let me keep my self-respect, let me feel that I have acted with a single purpose, truthfully and uprightly, and I can bear any lot, however low."

"But I could not, Harriette. If I am ever married, I shall, I trust, try to do my duty; but I could not bear to be an old maid. Only fancy how dreadful it would be to be like Miss Margaret Watson, or even our own Marianne!"

"But we need not be like anybody but ourselves. Good people and sensible people will love and respect us all the same, whether we are married or single."

"Perhaps; but still, as I said before, I could not bear it."

Harriette sighed, but said no more.

At dinner, the following day, besides the two strangers, there were a few of the neighbors, including Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone of the Grange, with whom the gentlemen in question were staying, being relations of the latter. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone were a strangely-matched couple. The former was a tall, stupid-looking man, about forty, well-meaning enough within the limits of an understanding bounded to the consideration of crops and cattle. Nor had he any expansiveness of heart to atone for the narrowness of his mind. He was not bad-hearted, he was not cruel; but his sympathies were not larger than his understanding. He would not really have injured Harriette, but he bore her a

grudge for her rejection of his suit. He would probably have forgiven a man cordially enough who had attempted to murder him; but his nature was not sufficiently magnanimous to pardon what he had taken in the light of a personal affront. His wife was a woman about thirty, handsome, but formal-looking, acute, clever, and well-informed. But though often sensible, amusing, and even agreeable enough in conversation, she occasionally seemed to take a sort of pleasure in saying, in the kindest manner, things which she must have known her listeners could hardly like to hear. Thus, if there had been a party at which one had happened not to be present, Mrs. Johnstone was certain to inform him that she was so "sorry;" it was the most agreeable party she had been at for an age; quite grievous to think you had missed it. Or if you were showing her your greenhouse, she had seen Mrs. ———'s the other day, and her geraniums were exquisite; she would have given the world to have been able to carry off some for you. She had had a long conversation that very morning with Mr. Hartley and Mr. Clavering, in which, having remarked the direction of their flirtations the preceding night, she had given them a sketch of the Bertram family, with anecdotes, many of them very amusing, and graphically told, of Mr. Bertram's fruitless attempts to get matches for his daughters, and his various disappointments; they were, she said, the laughing-stock of the whole country round. The result of this conversation was, that Arthur Clavering thought his cousin a less agreeable woman than he had supposed; but at the same time he determined to be on his guard with Harriette Bertram. But Mr. Hartley had known Mrs. Johnstone longer, and what she said made little or no impression upon him; he had, in fact, nearly made up his mind to marry Susan Bertram. Mr. Hartley was certainly rather a clever man, with a good share of common sense, and a will of his own, but good-tempered in the main. His notions with regard to marriage were much more commonplace than those of his cousin. Good-humor and good looks were all he sought for, and were indeed the sole qualities of which in a woman he had any appreciation. As it was not in his own nature to love with romantic ardor, he did not care about inspiring such an attachment. He had been much pleased with Susan's manners and appearance; she was just the sort of pleasant, commonplace girl to take his fancy. Possibly she did wish to be married; but what then? It was very natural, and in her conduct there was nothing forward or indecorous. Her father certainly was a drawback; but as he lived at so great a distance from him, perhaps he was a drawback of little consequence. In short, Mr. Hartley was a man who valued himself on thinking for himself. He would watch Susan during the six weeks he was to remain at the Grange, and if at the end of that period he should find her what she appeared, he would make her an offer of his hand.

At dinner, half to her annoyance, half to her satisfaction, Mr. Clavering was assigned to Harriette. He had come to Fernielee with the intention of being very prudent; but he had not been there half an hour ere he completely lost sight of this wise resolution. He and his fair companion fell into an even more animated strain of discourse than on the preceding evening. Inspired by Harriette's approving glance and animated reciprocation, from music and poetry he was led to speak of the sentiments and qualities of which these are but the expression—of sympathy, of generosity, faith,

constancy, magnanimity, of natural and moral beauty, till at last, as he drew a picture of happiness with the true, unforced eloquence of feeling, forgetting all the littleness and meanness of life, Harriette's heart echoed his sentiments, and her eyes shone with the enthusiasm his words had kindled. And once more Arthur Clavering said to himself: "I am sure she is perfectly single-minded, and so beautiful, and so fresh in her ideas—so unlike the hackneyed, commonplace, stereotyped agreeableness even of intellectual women in London society. Meanwhile Harriette would have been perfectly happy had it not been for the fulsome attention her father paid to Mr. Clavering. After dinner he led him up and down the drawing-room, exhibiting to him the family pictures with which this apartment, as well as the dining-room, was hung, descending on the marriages and intermarriages of the family; and, finally, telling him that his grandmother, "a very handsome woman, and one of Lord——'s family, was considered very like his daughter Harriette. Harriette is the belle of my family—indeed of the neighborhood, it is generally allowed; and she is a very fine singer also. I am certain she will be delighted to sing for you, as you are quite a favorite of hers. Harriette, my dear, sing to Mr. Clavering." Harriette blushed scarlet.

"I am quite out of voice to-night," she replied; "I cannot sing. I trust our guests will excuse me."

"Ask her to sing, Mr. Clavering. I am sure," continued Mr. Bertram, with a frown at the recusant, "she will not refuse you."

"I cannot flatter myself that I am likely to prevail where you do not. I can only say, nothing would afford me so much pleasure as to hear Miss Harriette sing."

Mr. Clavering spoke gravely, for he saw that Harriette's feelings were wounded, and yet he could not help fancying that he was a favorite of hers—the extreme mortification she could not conceal only helping to confirm him in the flattering idea. She answered somewhat pointedly: "I trust I am always happy to oblige any one."

"Nonsense, Harriette!" cried her father; "she shall sing to you to-night, Mr. Clavering. I have desired you to sing—are my wishes nothing? Am I nobody in my own family? I suppose you think my wishes of no consequence; but I beg you to understand they are not quite so insignificant as you suppose!"

Harriette now hurriedly rose and approached the piano. She felt ready to sink into the earth with shame, and, hastily opening a music-book, began to play and sing. Never had she sung so ill before; but, even hoarse and agitated though her voice was, there was in it a deep pathos—a perfect expression of the music such as Clavering had rarely heard. He was more and more charmed, but he forbore to say more than—"Thank you!" adding, loud enough to be heard by Mr. Bertram—"We must not trespass on your kindness again to-night. It would give me pain to hear you sing again, for I see it is quite an effort to you." He then led her from the piano, and seemed to endeavor, by every sort of soothing attention, and by the most sprightly conversation, to obliterate from her memory the annoyance she had suffered. At last his efforts were successful. Harriette became once more her natural, lively self. Arthur Clavering left Fernielee that night perfectly convinced that Harriette Bertram whatever her father might be, was no schemer

for a husband, but a creature possessed of more beauty, sensibility, and mind, than any woman he had ever known. He was not ignorant of the danger he ran. He felt that he was fast falling in love; but now he had begun to think, not so much whether he ought to fall in love with her, as whether there was a probability of her loving him. Of this, however, he did not quite despair. As for Harriette, she lay awake half the night thinking of Arthur Clavering. At last her imagination was excited; at last her feelings were touched; at last she had met a man who at once excited her sympathy and respect—one who, she felt, could draw out her better self; in whose company she seemed to become a superior being. But then came the recollection of Mr. Johnstone's speech: "The Bertrams of Fernielee—the greatest husband-hunters in the country!" and the remembrance of all her father's too-pointed attentions, to poison all the pleasure of her reflections. She felt that, though too polite to show it, she was perchance an object of contempt to Arthur Clavering. In the feelings produced by this idea she was almost tempted to wish she might never see him again. The next minute, however, her heart reproached her, and she was forced to confess to herself the intense delight she experienced in his society.

III.

Thus days and weeks rolled on; and long ere the six weeks had passed Mr. Hartley was Susan's accepted lover. He was now a daily visitor at Fernielee, and he rarely came unaccompanied by Arthur Clavering. The latter had now become Harriette's constant companion in her walks. Together they climbed the wild, heathery braes; together they admired the foxglove, the scarlet poppy, and the tiny blue harebell, growing among the long, wild grass on the top of rock or scarp, or peeping out amid the tangled growth which bordered the "wimpling burnie;" together they moralized over the fading woods and the falling leaves; together they thought and felt; and, though no word of love had been spoken, there seemed to be a sort of tacit understanding between them that they were all to each other. Meanwhile the grand drawback to Harriette's felicity was the obsequious and unremitting attention her father paid to her lover. At times she felt certain that it was impossible he could believe her a party to her father's evident scheming; but often her heart was filled with apprehension lest such might be his belief. Refined, sensitive, and with even an exaggerated sense of the dignity of her sex, Harriette was wretched as she brooded over such thoughts. It was only in the presence of Arthur Clavering that she ever entirely forgot them: they were her constant companions during his absence. Her mind was distracted between love and doubt. Meanwhile it was within a few days of his departure, and if he felt love, he had not yet declared it. "Could it be," thought Harriette, "that he imagined a husband-hunting girl was a fair subject for an idle flirtation?" Arthur Clavering was a man of the world, and in that great and gay world of which he was a denizen she had heard that such proceedings were not uncommon; and her cheek burned, and her spirit rose as she thought of herself made the subject of such an indignity. But then came the image of Arthur Clavering; the recollection of his manly, honorable, and even noble sentiments; and her heart was soft towards him once more, and she felt that she had wronged

him by her suspicions. Meanwhile Mr. Bertram fretted and fumed that Mr. Clavering did not propose. Not a day elapsed that he did not ask Harriette, "Has he not made you an offer yet?" "No, sir," with a trembling lip, was Harriette's invariable reply.

At last, one day, after the usual response, Mr. Bertram remarked, with an air of wisdom—"I have been thinking over the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Clavering is probably waiting till I break the affair to him. I shall therefore take the earliest opportunity of speaking to him on the subject, as he leaves the country in a few days."

"I entreat, papa," cried Harriette, in an agony of distress, "that you will not do so. It will be of no avail, I can assure you. Mr. Clavering is not a man to be forced into marrying any one, nor should I accept him unless his offer were spontaneous."

Almost for the first time Mrs. Bertram ventured to oppose her husband. "Oh, Mr. Bertram!" she cried, suddenly roused from her gentle, apparently apathetic sadness, "I beg and pray you will not so far compromise our daughter's dignity. I hope Harriette may marry Mr. Clavering; but indeed you take the wrong way."

"The wrong way, madam! Very pretty indeed, madam! Is this your respect for me? Is this the way you teach your daughters a proper deference for my opinion! Of course you and Miss Harriette know a great deal better than I do. Of course I am a fool, and have seen nothing of the usages of society. Of course I ought to allow myself to be governed by my wife and daughters; but I will not, Mrs. Bertram! And allow me to tell you both, I intend to take my own way with regard to Mr. Clavering, imagining myself quite competent to judge in the affair." To such a speech mother and daughter alike felt that it would be useless to reply. After Mr. Bertram's indignation had cooled a little, he inquired of Susan—"Does Mr. Hartley ever say anything to you about Mr. Clavering?"

"Yes; he has said several times that he hoped Arthur would marry Harriette; that he was very fastidious, but that he had never seen him so much taken with any one before; and that he thought he would marry her."

"He thought he would!" cried Harriette; "and does he imagine that it depends solely upon Mr. Clavering?" This speech was the signal of another from Mr. Bertram, which sent poor Harriette to weep alone in her bedroom, where Susan followed her to comfort her, while Marianne agreed with her father that Harriette was a fool, and the three younger girls made up their minds that she was utterly incomprehensible. Mrs. Bertram, according to her custom after such domestic scenes, took a religious book, and withdrew to the quiet of her own dressing-room, till she was summoned back by her husband. "What was she always read, reading about?—a parcel of such canting nonsense, too! She preferred her books to his society, that was very evident."

The following morning brought Mrs. Johnstone to call. She was received by Susan and Harriette, the rest being out. As she was an intelligent woman, half an hour passed away agreeably enough in conversation on general topics. She then began to allude to subjects of a more personal nature; hinted at the prospect of having Susan for a relative; and, finding herself encouraged by the blushes and smiles of the latter, began to grow quite con-

fidential. "You will find Mr. Hartley a very excellent man—a little peculiar in temper perhaps, and with a will of his own; but, my dear Miss Susan, it is always the way. He is not worse than other men; and, take my word for it, matrimony is not the sort of heaven young ladies expect when they are in love. But I must not say any more on the subject, in case I should frighten your sister from following your example, which I should not wonder if she did ere long. Hey! Miss Harriette!" Harriette returned no answer; but Susan looked encouraging. Mrs. Johnstone continued—"Another cousin of mine is very often here; and I know!"

"What do you know, my dear Mrs. Johnstone?"

"Oh, I know a certain person who thinks Miss Harriette Bertram has the finest voice he ever heard, &c., &c. In short, I wonder it has not been all settled before now; but I have always remarked that men like to be tantalizing."

"Tantalizing!" cried Harriette.

"Of course it is very wrong," continued Mrs. Johnstone; "if they read their Bibles they would see that it is not doing as they would be done by; but I fear there is little religion in the world."

"Yes," cried Harriette; "but we are also told to think no evil; and——"

"Oh, my dear Miss Harriette, I really beg your pardon for interrupting you, but your simplicity, though very charming, quite amuses me. I really envy your good opinion of mankind. I am sorry to say I know them better, and I could tell you a very different story, even about my good Cousin Arthur himself; but perhaps I had better not."

"As you please, Mrs. Johnstone. It does not concern me at all."

"Nay, but it does concern you; indeed, in one sense, it is quite flattering to you, while at the same time it shows the conceit of the young man. And as it is much better that you should know what you are to expect, that you may not be disappointed, I shall tell you at once. As we were all sitting together over the fire the other afternoon, we began to talk of your family, as one occasionally does of one's neighbors, you know, my dear Miss Harriet, and canvassing the various charms of you young ladies, when Arthur said, 'I think Miss Harriette the prettiest, as well as the pleasantest; and if I were to take one of them, I should take her.' 'That is, supposing she would have you,' said I. Upon which he laughed, and said, he supposed 'there could be little doubt on that point.' Only fancy, the saucy creature!"

Harriette answered not a word. She maintained a calm exterior, while her heart was ready to burst. This was the man she had so loved, so admired, who had been to her so full of respect, devotion, tenderness. And he would speak of her thus to a stranger! This was the style of the attachment he entertained for her, if, indeed, he entertained any at all. She was wounded beyond all expression; and no sooner had Mrs. Johnstone, smilingly and almost affectionately, taken leave, than she hastened to her own room, to give relief to those feelings, all sign of which she had been able to repress in the presence of their visitor. But she had not been alone many minutes ere her door was opened by one of her younger sisters. "Papa has come in, and wishes to see you immediately, Harriette, in the breakfast parlor."

Wondering what could be coming next, Harriette ran down stairs, and, in the above-mentioned apart-

ment, found the whole family assembled in conclave, with an air of expectation, while her father paced up and down the room with a more than ordinarily consequential bearing. "Be seated, Miss Harriette Bertram," he said with an ill-assumed air of dignity, which was far from concealing a sort of fussy, delighted excitement, expressed in every feature and gesture. Harriette took a seat on a sofa, beside her mother, who looked nervous and anxious. "In former times," continued Mr. Bertram, "it was considered the duty of a father to provide suitable matches for his daughters. I am well aware that in the present degenerate days such wholesome and proper customs have fallen much into disuse, and that it is now too often the fashion to allow young persons to manage such affairs for themselves—a fashion which I cannot but consider derogatory to feminine delicacy and the dignity of an ancient family. But I always have made, and always shall make, it my practice to set my face against modern innovations. I consider it my duty, as the representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and, therefore, I have followed the ancient practice with regard to the marriages of my children. Two or three weeks ago I had the satisfaction of concluding a treaty of alliance for my second daughter, Susan, with John Hartley, Esquire, of Sandilands Hall, in the county of Hants; and now I have had the further satisfaction of being able to arrange a matrimonial engagement for my third daughter, Harriette, with Arthur Clavering, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and third son of William Clavering, Esquire, of Somerton Park, in the county of Derby. I had an interview with Mr. Clavering this morning, when I stated to him that I conceived it my duty not to allow him to quit the country without coming to some definite arrangement with regard to my daughter Harriette, whom, it was clear to me, as well as to the rest of the family, and the world in general, that he greatly admired. I then told him that although in some points of view, such as wealth, my daughter might probably have done better, I considered him, in point of birth and position, quite unexceptionable, and that he had my permission to address her formally. To this he replied that he thanked me, and that he would take an early opportunity of assuring Miss Harriette personally of his attachment. And now, madam," continued Mr. Bertram, turning to his wife, "I hope you are satisfied that I did not take the wrong way."

Poor Mrs. Bertram only answered by a scarcely audible sigh, while her husband, content with the victory he had gained, strutted out of the room. He was at that moment in too good a humor with himself, and his success, to be very touchy, and, therefore, his wife's silence passed unnoticed. A minute or two afterwards he might have been seen in the garden, descending volubly to the gardener on the marriages of his daughters, and collecting from that functionary the *on dits* of the neighborhood on the subject. In Mr. Bertram's opinion, it was a fine thing to be talked about.

As soon as he was gone, Harriette flew back to her own room in an agony of mind inconceivable. She was sunk in her own eyes, and felt that she must be degraded forever in those of Arthur Clavering. He had been solicited to marry her; she had been actually offered to him! True, he had consented—consented! And, was she to submit to this? Never—never! Rather would she lose him forever, even dearly as she loved him, than he

should take—*take her*—his own words—as a thing he might accept or reject at his pleasure. And then the idea of seeing him! What would she not give to avoid being in his presence again, distracted as her mind was with mingled love, resentment, and shame! In the feverish restlessness caused by such emotions, and hardly knowing what she did, she hastily threw on a shawl and bonnet, and wandered out into the open air.

IV.

It was now late in the season—a stormy, cloudy, autumn day. The leaves were now thinner on the trees, and their tints less brilliant; and, though the scarlet fruit of the mountain-ash still gleamed here and there beside some dark pine or shining holly, it was fast dropping from the boughs. The purple of the moorlands was fading away, and the ferny braes, so lately tinted like the woods, were becoming of one uniform brown. The stream seemed to have a hoarser murmur—a sadder fall, as it bore rapidly on its tiny waves many a sere leaf and withered stalk which the wind blew down in showers from the copse which lined its banks. The wild gale hurried the clouds over the face of the heavens, blew up the piles of withered leaves in rustling eddies, and roared sadly through the dying woods, as if it bemoaned itself its work of devastation.

Harriette ran hurriedly on. The melancholy excitement of the scene and day was in harmony with her feelings. There was no calm to mock her agitation—no joy to embitter her misery. She bounded over the fields and through the woods till she was exhausted, and then, seating herself on a rock, half moss-grown, which overhung the stream, and was shaded by a few superannuated ivy-covered elms, she leaned upon her hand, and began to brood over her grievances. In such a frame of mind as hers, evils become magnified, the understanding yields her supremacy to the imagination, which, working on the feelings, seems for the time to deprive the former of the power of discriminating the relative value of circumstances. A harshness and stubbornness foreign to her real nature seemed to grow round Harriette's heart. Her better angel seemed to have forsaken her. She had been thus seated for a brief space, when her attention was aroused by the sound of a voice close beside her, which whispered softly yet distinctly, "Harriette." Her heart gave a tremendous bound; she looked up and saw Arthur Clavering. Instantly the blood rushed over her cheeks and forehead. In the present state of her feelings it seemed that he had taken a liberty in calling her Harriette. It helped to steel her heart against him. Her confusion did not escape unnoticed by Clavering. He, too, was agitated: for, though he hoped more than he feared, still, now that the decisive moment was come, he felt terribly nervous. But Harriette's blushes reassured him; and, throwing himself on the turf beside her, he took her hand, while he said: "Beloved Harriette! tell me, dearest, that I am not indifferent to you!"

But Harriette drew away her hand; and hastily rising, said, haughtily and with difficulty, for she felt as if the words would choke her, "You mistake, Mr. Clavering!"

For a second he felt quite confounded; but seeing her turn as if to leave him, he too sprang upon his feet, while he cried: "Do not go! Wait but a moment, Miss Bertram, and hear me! Oh, Harriette, I love you!—I love you passionately!"

Her heart was fast melting ; but still the stubborn, wounded spirit would not yield. "Excuse me, Mr. Clavering," she said with a coldness she was obliged to feign to conceal her excessive agitation.

"Do you reject me then?" he asked, his voice faltering with disappointment and mortification, while with his eyes he made another appeal to her feelings.

But she saw it not, for hers were resolutely turned in an opposite direction ; and in a low tone she answered : "I do."

And then Arthur Clavering, in all the bitterness of a wounded heart, replied : "Oh, Harriette, I have not deserved—I did not expect such unkindness from you ! But pardon me, madam, I will not longer intrude upon you. Farewell !" He had gone a step or two, when he turned again to say, in a softer tone : "I wish you all happiness !" And in a minute he was out of sight.

The whole scene had passed so rapidly, that it seemed like some strange illusion ; but no sooner was he gone than the spell seemed broken, and the resentment vanished which had supported Harriette throughout. She threw herself once more on the ground, and burst into tears. Yes, they were parted forever ! She wept as if her heart would break ; and now that it was all over, doubts of the justice of her own motives, of the propriety of her conduct, would intrude. She remembered his parting glance, and she felt that he had loved her. Thoughts of her father's anger, her mother's sorrow, the disappointment of all her family, the storm which awaited her at home, all contributed to distract her. The excitement had completely passed away, and as she cast a glance on the life which lay before her, and thought what life might have been with Arthur Clavering, her spirit felt dreary indeed. She durst not return home, but sat cold, weary, and weeping ; while the gray autumn twilight grew deeper and deeper, the blast wailed louder and more piteously, blowing against her on every side the fallen leaves—emblems, she sadly thought, of her perished hopes, her cheerless destiny.

Here she was found at last by Susan, who had wandered out in search for her ; but she could not communicate her sorrows to Susan ; for, kind as her sister was, she knew that of such sorrows as hers she would have no appreciation ; that it was only her compassion, not her sympathy, she could hope for, and it was for sympathy poor Harriette yearned. But we must now return to Clavering.

As has been already mentioned, Clavering's hopes had considerably outrun his fears. For the last few weeks he and Harriette had been almost constantly together, and it seemed to him that in her frank manners—in her ready sympathy—in the way in which she had received certain words and glances, meant to tell a tenderer tale than a mere passing desire to be agreeable, he had read feelings and wishes responsive to those he himself entertained. There was about Harriette altogether a freshness—a spontaneity—a sort of transparency—through which every feeling and emotion became visible, and which gave the idea that though hers was not a common character, it was one which might easily be understood. Arthur Clavering believed that he had read it thoroughly. Harriette would never have unfolded herself as she had done—would never have displayed such marked and conscious cordiality, after the unequivocal testimonies he had given her of his attachment had

she not returned it. The truthfulness and intelligence of her character alike forbade the supposition. Then, too, Clavering was conscious that his own claims were not inconsiderable. He felt that he was superior to all the other men by whom she was surrounded, and he knew that she would appreciate this superiority. Clavering was not conceited in the sense of being puffed up with a vast and disproportioned idea of his own merit and consequence ; but his common sense, his practical clear-sightedness, and his experience, made him perfectly aware of the advantages he possessed over the mass ; while the self-possession and energy of his character enabled him to act upon this knowledge. All his calculations were baffled, therefore, as well as his feelings cruelly wounded, by Harriette's rejection. He had rushed madly home to the Grange, hardly able to realize the misfortune which had befallen him. Shut up in his own room, he strove to be calm—to collect his thoughts ; and, summoning to his aid all his pride and all his self-command, he endeavored to conquer the pain and the mortification which almost seemed as if they would drive him to distraction. When he recollected the warmth, the respect, the confiding tenderness with which he had addressed her, and the cold, haughty, unfeeling manner in which he had been repulsed, he felt angry and bitter ; but when he remembered her as he had most frequently seen her—her lively softness, her artless cordiality, her ready susceptibility—his anger was lost in the remembrance. The conviction was strong upon him of the reality of these things. All that had passed within the last hour or two seemed some strange delusion—some impossible dream. And yet it was true—actually true. Oh, it was a bitter disappointment !

We are not to suppose, however, that Clavering's distress was perceptible to the family at the Grange. He possessed an even unusual share of self-control, and no one would have guessed that evening, from his self-possessed manner and his easy conversation, the heart-burning within. But the effort was great ; and when he was once more alone, he sat down, and, hiding his face on his folded arms, remained long wrestling with his grief. When he raised his head, one might have seen that his eye-lashes were heavy with a few briny drops, the first tears he had shed since childhood. He dashed them hastily away, saying half-aloud, and with a sort of melancholy determination : "The worst is over now."

V.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the whole family at Fernielee when Mr. Clavering left the country without appearing to claim Harriette as his bride—without even taking leave of any of them. Not one of them, however, except Susan, was aware of the real state of the case. She had learned it from Mr. Hartley ; but her own dread of the consequences of a disclosure, together with Harriette's entreaties, combined to secure her silence. Meanwhile Mr. Bertram was well-nigh beside himself. His will was thwarted, his vanity wounded, his dignity offended. He chafed with rage, and kept the whole establishment in hot water for a fortnight. In his indignation he threatened to prosecute Mr. Clavering for breach of promise, and it was only by dint of the most skilful humoring and management, together with a gentle representation from Susan—who, now that her own marriage was so near, had become the most impor-

tant and influential member of the family—touching the detrimental effect so public an exposure might have on the chances of Harriette's future establishment, that he was prevented from carrying this threat into execution. Fortunate it was that Susan's wedding was to take place in December, for the arrangements and gossip attendant upon that event, together with the additional importance it reflected upon himself and his family, had the happy effect of enabling Mr. Bertram to overcome his disappointment, and recover his ordinary frame of mind—certainly never the most complacent at any time. The business and the bustle now going forward had also a salutary effect upon poor Harriette, the constant occupation helping to engage her thoughts, while the prospect of losing her favorite sister in a measure diverted her feelings from the one subject which had at first engrossed them almost to madness. The perpetual whirl of the present prevented her from being able to dwell long on the past.

But at last it was all over. Mr. Hartley and Susan were married; the wedding guests were gone; the congratulatory visits were paid; Fernielee was restored to its usual quiet monotony. It was the dead of winter; the days were at their briefest, the weather at its gloomiest. It was cold, but not cold enough for snow. From the sullen lowering sky the rain descended in torrents, while the damp, chill blast swept over hill and moor, and through the naked woods, whose summer leaves now mouldered away on the dank soil beneath. The cheerless gloom, the unbroken stillness and sadness, the absence of all company, occupation, or necessity for exertion, either mental or bodily, had the natural effect on poor Harriette. Morning, noon, and night—the long, long night—she thought only of Arthur Clavering. It was in vain that she strove to banish his image. Her mind was alternately filled with vain regrets and bitter self-reproaches, while a dull despondency or a restless misery by turns took possession of her. Her gay spirits were gone; her temper, formerly so sweet, had become almost irritable; she could not eat, she could not sleep; her youth and her beauty seemed vanishing away. Week by week she became worse; her health seemed ready to break down altogether; a low fever preyed upon her life. At last she became so very ill that she was unable to quit her bed.

It was a winter afternoon. Harriette lay in her own little bed. The shutters were shut, but the rain splashed upon the window-panes, and the wind blew loud and tempestuous, roaring in the chimney-top, while the large heavy drops fell hissing and bubbling on the small fire in the grate. There was no light in the room save that afforded by the red glow between the bars, which only served to throw a faint reddish lustre beyond the great shadow of the chimney-piece, and then faded again into total darkness. Harriette had been sleeping, but uneasily—her restless slumber disturbed by worrying dreams and images of pain. Suddenly she awoke with a start and a shiver. It was a second or two ere she could separate her waking from her sleeping impressions. Then she looked round on the darkness; then she listened to the wild turmoil of the outer world. A sense of profound sadness took possession of her; and believing herself alone, out of the fulness of a heart surcharged with sorrow she began to weep aloud.

"Tell me the cause of your distress, my darling," said a gentle voice; and Harriette, in that moment

of weakness, could reply only by another burst of tears as she flung her arms round her mother. "My dearest," said Mrs. Bertram, "if he could leave you as he did, he was not worthy of you."

"Leave me! Oh, mother, he did not leave me!" and then Harriette poured into her mother's ear the story of the grief which filled her heart.

That interview made the mother and daughter better known to each other than they had ever been; and, as they mingled their tears together, Harriette resolved to devote her life, if it was indeed spared, to that dear parent, and breathed a prayer to her Father in heaven that she might be given the power to perform her task, and that she might find her reward in her mother's added happiness.

Harriette recovered. A new impulse had been given to her feelings, a new motive to her life. The mother and daughter were now constant companions; and while the latter learned from the former the lesson of resignation, she in her turn opened to her mother a new source of interest in those mental occupations which had once been the charm of her own life, and now become its solace. Thus passed away months, years, in a sort of gentle serenity, which, if not positively happiness, had certainly in it nothing of misery. Not that Harriette had forgotten Arthur Clavering. She had never seen another to be compared with him; but she had learned to look back on the brief period of their intercourse as but a romantic episode in the sober tale of life.

Five years have elapsed since that eventful autumn morning on which Harriette Bertram had parted with Arthur Clavering. Harriette is changed since we saw her last. She looks more than five years older, yet she is beautiful still. She is thinner and paler; a more pensive grace sits on her smooth brow—a more chastened spirit looks out from her clear, dark eyes. She is changed, too, in character. The sensitive, impulsive girl has become developed into the tender, thoughtful woman. If her early vivacity has in a measure forsaken her, she is as much alive as in former days to every object of interest; while her playful fancy sheds a grace around every subject it touches. With as much both of mind and heart as ever, her feelings and her thoughts are better regulated, while at the same time they are deepened and enlarged. While her mother bends meekly beneath her trials, Harriette seems to have risen above hers. What is resignation in the one is fortitude in the other. Harriette has discovered that

To bear is to conquer our fate.

About this time Mrs. Bertram's health began to fail. She had no complaint; but an increasing debility, and a general decay of the bodily powers, afforded ample room for anxiety. She had been confined to her room the greater part of the winter and spring; but, as the summer drew on, she seemed to rally, and her medical attendant was of opinion that a change to the milder air of the south of England might restore her to health, or at least enable her to get through the succeeding winter. It was determined, therefore, that, in company with Harriette, she should pay a visit to Susan at Sandilands Hall, on the Hampshire coast. Mr. Bertram, who had throughout his wife's illness shown a good deal of concern, after a fussy, troublesome fashion, agreed to the measure at once.

"No place so proper for your mother to go to,

Harriette, as to her married daughter's. I suggested it some time ago, and now the doctor and all of you have come round to my opinion. I am well aware that my opinions never meet with proper deference. Dr. — is an insolent upstart; and if it had not been that your poor mother seemed to have some unaccountable whim in his favor, I should have dismissed him long ago. By the by, the marchioness sent to inquire for your mother to-day—very polite of her—very unlike the neglect of that upsetting woman, Lady King; but these Kings are nobodies. The idea of her fancying herself superior to the Bertrams of Fernielee! I shall let her see that I will not submit to such insolence."

Mrs. Bertram bore her long journey pretty well. The travellers were most affectionately received by Susan and her husband, and every accommodation prepared for the invalid. Sandilands Hall was a tolerably large modern mansion, built in imitation of the Elizabethan style of architecture. The grounds possessed little natural advantage of situation, except that in some places they commanded a view of the sea, but were nicely laid out and beautifully kept—a striking contrast, in their newness and trimness, with the slovenly wildness and old-fashioned dullness of Fernielee. All within the house looked the very quintessence of cheerfulness and comfort—as comfortable and cheerful as Susan herself. Susan was now fatter, fairer, and rosier than she had ever been before. An air of extreme satisfaction with herself and with everything that belonged to her was diffused over her whole face and person, and seemed to be expressed in every word and gesture. She and Mr. Hartley were the most comfortable couple in the world. He was a clever man, tried experiments, and contributed to scientific journals; she spent her time in working ottoman after ottoman, and chair after chair, in paying visits, playing with her children, and superintending the gardener. They had few ideas in common, and spent very little of their time together; still they had a strong mutual respect and regard, and an entire mutual confidence. Both were perfectly satisfied that they had drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery, and neither wished for more sympathy than the other gave. Susan had since her marriage become very sage and proper in all her notions. She had very decided opinions upon all the common affairs of life, and had at command an abundance of truisms and trite pieces of wisdom. She had a horror of flirting young men and women, and was constantly lecturing upon this subject to a ward of Mr. Hartley's, a very pretty, lively girl, who was at present an inmate of Sandilands Hall. Harriette could not avoid occasionally smiling at these lectures, for she well remembered the time when no one enjoyed a flirtation more than Susan herself. But times were changed now. Secure in her own position, she seemed to possess an entire oblivion of her former actions and motives, and to have no sympathy with them. And yet Susan was a kind-hearted woman: nor is such forgetfulness in any situation a phenomenon of very rare occurrence.

Mrs. Bertram's health seeming to improve with the change of air and scene, (Harriette began to indulge in the hope that her life might be spared; and, her spirits rising in consequence, she also found considerable amusement and enjoyment in the scenes by which she was surrounded. Some share of this amusement was contributed by Clara Norris, the young lady mentioned above. Clara

was a young girl, between eighteen and nineteen, with the prettiest, fairylike figure, the rosiest cheeks, the most roguish blue eyes, and the softest, most luxuriant gold-brown hair, that ever were seen. She was an heiress and a spoiled child, wayward, whimsical, and capricious, and yet not without a certain fitful goodness of disposition, and some glimpses of right and truth. Without being either clever or intellectual, she was much too lively and amusing to be called either stupid or silly. She was excessively fond of flirting, and, to Susan's horror, made no hesitation of declaring that she preferred the society of gentlemen to that of her own sex. At present she had no one to flirt with but a certain Mr. Charles Crawford, the younger son of a neighbor, a young man about twenty-five, of a rather gentlemanly and agreeable appearance, but with nothing decidedly handsome either in face or person. Mr. Charles Crawford had been educated for the bar, and had kept the necessary terms; but somehow or other he had got tired of the profession, and did not care to be "called." He was now doing nothing, and seemed to be quite contented with the occupation. He was quite a lady's man, and would spend whole forenoons in criticizing work, and trying over polkas and songs; for he both played the piano and sung himself. He was also a tolerable draughtsman, and sometimes hit off a caricature very cleverly. He had an abundance of small talk, literary, theatrical, operatic, musical, complimentary, sentimental, and gossiping. He was a great favorite of Mrs. Hartley, with whom he frequently passed the morning either at the greenhouse, or sitting upon a footstool, (his favorite position,) playing with the children, or telling her the news while she worked. She was more tolerant of Clara's flirtations with him than with any other person, for she considered him a "very safe young man." "People who are so ready to pay attention to anybody never fall in love. Charles Crawford will never marry anybody, but will go on being everybody's beau to the end of his life." And so Susan was tolerably content that he should talk less to her, and play polkas and romp in the garden instead with Clara Norris, as "it kept her out of greater mischief." And now that Mrs. Hartley had her mother and sister to occupy her, Clara Norris and Charles Crawford were more together than ever.

On the very night of Harriette's arrival, Clara, with her usual frankness, announced to her that she had taken a fancy to her.

"Why, may I ask?" said Harriette, a little amused.

"Oh, because you are so tall and graceful, and have such beautiful long dark ringlets, and you sing so sweetly. I like music, and I like a gentlewoman; and you are a gentlewoman all over, and you must let me call you Harriette, because I love you."

"My dear Clara," said Susan, "there is nothing more foolish than to take sudden fancies. People often turn out very differently from what they appear. In the present instance, indeed, with my sister Harriette you are quite safe; but often it might be dangerous."

"So you have often told me, and Arthur Clavering laughs at me for it; but I don't care whether it is sensible or not, for I cannot help it, and I am not going to give it up. By the by, I wonder when Arthur Clavering is coming."

At the first mention of that long-unspoken name Harriette's heart beat violently, but she contrived to ask: "Is Mr. Clavering expected here?"

Ere Susan had time to reply, Clara exclaimed: "Do you know Arthur Clavering? How odd he should never have spoken of you to me!"

"It is a long time since I met Mr. Clavering."

"Oh, but he could not have forgotten you! I wonder he did not fall in love with you! I shall attack him for his want of taste."

"Indeed, Clara," cried Susan, "you shall do nothing so indelicate and improper! I can assure you Arthur Clavering will be much displeased!"

"I don't care if he is! I shall do what I please till we are married at any rate! And to do Arthur justice, he is not half so straightlaced as you are. If he only would not insist on lending me horrid histories and poems to read, and always asking me if I have read them, I should have no fault to find with him."

Married! then Arthur Clavering was going to be married, and to Clara Norris! Harriette thought that she had quite overcome her love for him; but she could not hear of his marriage without unwonted perturbation. As soon as she and Susan were alone, the latter said: "I have only waited, my dearest Harriette, till I knew whether it would be agreeable to you for us to have Arthur Clavering down. He and Clara are to be married next spring; but I would rather do anything, Harry, than make you uncomfortable."

"You are ever kind, my dear Susan," said Harriette, embracing her sister; "but I can have no objection to meet the affianced husband of another woman."

"Are you sure, Harriette!" said Susan, for she felt a hot drop upon her cheek.

"It is but the remembrance of past pain, dear Susan. Do not fear that I shall disgrace you."

"Disgrace me! No, that I am sure you never will! All I mean is, do not try yourself too much."

"I trust it will be no trial, my kind Susan. If it should, the sooner I school myself to bear it the better."

VI.

It was a few mornings after this conversation, as Harriette hastily opened a door leading from a passage which conducted from the breakfast parlor into the entrance-hall, that in the most awkward manner she nearly ran against a gentleman who was entering. She looked up. It was Arthur Clavering. As their eyes met, an expression of some kind of emotion flitted rapidly over his face, but so rapidly, so instantaneously, that one could hardly have said it had been there; and in a calm tone, and with a manner perfectly self-possessed, he said: "Miss Bertram! I beg your pardon;" and then, after a second's pause, "I hope you are well." His self-possession restored Harriette to hers, though it could not so instantly chase the bright flush from her usually pale cheek. She returned his salutation, and, as if by mutual consent, they shook hands, coldly and formally, like common acquaintance. In the same ceremonious style Mr. Clavering inquired for her mother and the family at Fernielee; and they passed on in opposite directions.

As their intercourse had begun, so it continued. Ever perfectly polite, yet never too polite, neither familiar nor distant, Arthur Clavering's manner convinced Harriette that he had not only forgiven, but in a sense forgotten, their former intercourse. So perfect appeared his indifference, that, as far as he was concerned, the past seemed as if it had

never been. She had ceased to interest him in any way; and thus it was best—far best. So she said to herself; and she strove to repress all regretful musings, and sought to divert her mind by busying herself in cares for her mother. To the latter Arthur Clavering showed a gentle, unobtrusive attention. They often chatted together on general topics, while Susan and Harriette worked, and Clara rode with Charles Crawford; for Clavering was no equestrian, and Clara "could not do without her ride on the downs." In the evening Clavering was generally occupied with his betrothed at the piano, while after breakfast they strolled together in the grounds. It was on one of these latter occasions that Clara put in execution her threat of asking Arthur Clavering why he had not fallen in love with Harriette Bertram. They had been talking rather sensibly for a few minutes, Arthur having been making an endeavor to lead the volatile Clara into something like a sober train of thought. He had just begun to hope he had succeeded in arresting her attention, for she had asked one or two pertinent questions, when all at once she exclaimed: "Oh, Arthur! I am tired of being wise. If you wanted a sensible wife, you should have married Harriette Bertram."

As Clara spoke, a shade of displeasure stole over her companion's countenance. "Really, Clara, you get more and more childish. It seems to me as if you could not fix your attention for five minutes."

"I know I cannot. My thoughts are like those butterflies, wandering about from one pretty flower to another, and never resting upon anything disagreeable."

"But, my dearest Clara, though this is all very well and very charming at present, yet as there are some scenes in every life where there are no flowers!"

"I beg your pardon, Arthur; but why did you never tell me that you knew Harriette Bertram? Why did you never describe her to me? You could not have had the bad taste not to think her beautiful."

"You forget that it is five years since I saw Miss Bertram; and besides, my dearest Clara, it is not in the presence of one beautiful woman that one has the most vivid remembrance of the charms of another."

"A very fine compliment, Mr. Arthur; but don't suppose you are to get off in that way. I think Harriette the most beautiful woman I ever saw; and her singing is exquisite; and then she is good, and witty, and wise; and I cannot conceive why you did not fall in love with her; and I am determined to find out!"

"Come, Clara! do not talk any more nonsense. I am quite tired of it," said Arthur almost angrily.

"What, Arthur, you are not really angry?" and Clara's bright, merry face was raised to his half roughly, half deprecatingly.

He smiled, and stroked her bright hair.

"And so you will not tell me," she whispered coaxingly, and with that pertinacity which frequently distinguished her in the pursuit of her whims.

"Yes, Clara, I will," he answered gravely. "Perhaps I ought to have told you before. I did love Harriette Bertram. She was my first love."

"And why were you not married?" asked Clara, suddenly sobered.

"Because she did not return my love; at least I

suppose so, as she rejected me. And now, Clara, are you mortified that your betrothed is the rejected of another woman?"

"No; I don't care the least in the world about that. But I am surprised she rejected you."

"Why so? Do you think that because you have been so good as to be pleased with me, every other woman must necessarily have been the same?"

"No; but I should have thought Harriette would. Indeed, it seems even stranger to me that she should not have accepted you than that I should."

"How, then?"

"Oh! I can never explain things; but it is. Do look at that butterfly. I *must* have a chase after it!" And with a merry, provoking laugh, she ran away.

"She is very pretty and very lively, certainly," thought Arthur Clavering; "but I wish, I *wish* she were not *quite* so frivolous. Harriette used to be lively; but her liveliness seemed to proceed from happy and ready thought, not from levity. She is grave now. Yet"—And Arthur sighed; and then suddenly starting from the reverie into which he had fallen, he began with unusual ardor to gather a bouquet for Clara.

Some little time after this conversation, Charles Crawford dined one day at Sandilands Hall. After dinner, seated together on a tête-à-tête chair, a little apart from the rest of the party, he and Clara amused themselves with playing at cat's-cradle, and at various tricks with a piece of cord. Clara was as happy as a child, and laughed with delight at every new exhibition of Mr. Crawford's dexterity. Mrs. Bertram soon became tired, and withdrew to her own room. Susan accompanied her, saying she wished to have a private chat with her mother, and would take Harriette's place for one night. No sooner were they gone, than Mr. Hartley betook himself to his study to write letters; and thus Harriette was left virtually tête-à-tête with Arthur Clavering.

Once or twice it had happened thus before, and they had always contrived to converse in a formal sort of way about the passing events of the day. To-night, however, it seemed as if they could not get on. Harriette made one or two remarks, but Arthur barely answered them. At last he said; "I wish we had some music. Clara, I should be much obliged to you if you would give us a little."

"Oh! I cannot sing now; we are in the midst of a delightful puzzle. My best, sweetest Harriette, do you sing for me! You sing so charmingly that no one can find fault with you as my substitute—your performance is a million times better than mine."

"If you please, Miss Bertram," said Mr. Crawford. Arthur said nothing. Harriette knew not very well what to do; but the polite Mr. Crawford saved her the trouble of a decision, for, rising, and with an "Excuse me for a minute" to Clara, he opened the piano, and produced her music. "Sing my favorite, like a darling, Harriette," cried Clara. Now Clara's favorite chanced in former days to have been Arthur's favorite likewise. Harriette would much rather not have sung it; but she felt somehow or other that it was better not to refuse. She therefore looked out the music, and placed it before her on the piano. "And now, Arthur!" cried Clara, "turn over Harriette's leaves for her, and then we shall all be comfortable." To refuse was impossible; and with a sort of grave politeness,

yet without alacrity, he complied. It was a great trial to poor Harriette. As she sung, thoughts of other days, other scenes, other feelings, crowded fast upon her mind. She was transported back to the old-fashioned drawing-room at Fernielee, with its wainscoted walls and faded portraits. Again she seemed to see Mr. Hartley and Susan seated together whispering on the old-fashioned sofa, while Marianne made signs to the younger girls to hold their tongues. Once more she beheld her father standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, keeping time to the music with a complacent shake of the head, and a self-gratulatory smile playing about the corners of his mouth, while her mother suspended her knitting, and raised her soft dark eyes as if absorbed by the music. Arthur Clavering had stood beside her then too; he had turned over the leaves for her then as now; and yet all else was changed. She was far away from Fernielee; Susan was now a happy wife and a happy mother; and her own beloved mother lay sick of a wasting disease, while Arthur and she were as strangers. Harriette had a brave spirit, and had moreover schooled herself to support moments like these; but though more under her control, her sensibility was as great as in former days; and the recollections, the associations of the moment lent a more impassioned tremulousness to her voice, and a deeper pathos to her expression. As the rich, soft melody, so sweet yet so sad, floated and quivered on the air, Charles Crawford and Clara dropped their play to listen; and when it was ended, the latter rose, and throwing her arms round the musician, kissed her while she wept. Arthur meanwhile stood by with an unmoved countenance. Not a look, not a word betrayed that he had ever heard the song before. "It is certainly very beautiful," he said in a cold, composed tone, as if he admired the music rather than felt it; "and we are all much obliged to Miss Bertram." Charles Crawford, who, if he did not possess that poetry of mind without which none of the fine arts can be felt in their essential spirit and beauty, had a fine ear and a cultivated taste, now began to compliment Harriette in his own good-natured, graceful style. Ere he had finished his speech, Clavering had abruptly, almost unpolitely, quitted the room. Harriette's heart seemed suddenly to grow chill; she felt a choking sensation in her throat; her eyes filled with tears, and she leant over the music-stand as if in search of another piece, to conceal the emotion she could not repress. "What a fool she was! What was it to her, or rather was it not far better, now that he had chosen a younger and fairer bride, that he should have lost all recollection of the days of his first love? And if her life seemed faded and sad in comparison with that of the young and blooming girl before her, was it not her own fault? Then away with these vain reminiscences, these worse than weak regrets. Had she not still her mother—*still*, for how long?" And with a feeling of self-reproach that this her best friend on earth should have been, even for a few minutes, so entirely absent from her thoughts, she rose, saying that she must now change places with Susan.

As she crossed the hall on her way to her mother's apartment, she perceived that the door was open, and the next instant she beheld, in the broad moonlight, Arthur Clavering, with folded arms, standing motionless on the lawn, as if in deep thought. What could this mean? Could he be jealous of Clara's flirtation with Charles Crawford?

VII.

Let us follow Arthur Clavering out into the light of the glorious harvest moon, which, undimmed by a vapor, hung out a perfect globe of light from the serene and fathomless blue of the sky. Dark masses of shadow from the shrubs and trees, interspersed with streams of silvery sheen, lay softly on the lawn. Every angle, and buttress, and coping of the mansion was strictly defined in light and shade, and the marble vases ranged along the margin of the greensward gleamed unearthly white in the pallid brightness. No sound smote the ear save the sound of the waves as they broke on the distant beach. Not a breath of wind stirred the dark motionless woods.

But the beauty of the scene seemed lost on Arthur Clavering. His thoughts appeared to be all concentrated within. No sooner had he quitted the drawing-room, than, changing his deliberate step to a rapid stride, he hurriedly left the house, audibly exclaiming, "I can bear no more." This was all he spoke aloud, for Arthur Clavering was not in the habit of soliloquizing. But for the benefit of my readers, I shall explain his thoughts; and to enable me to do so, it will first be necessary to cast a retrospective glance upon his history, since we last saw him at the Grange, determined, even in the hour of anguish and disappointment, to master the grief which pierced his soul, and to forget the woman whose heartless coquetry had caused it. Clavering was a man of resolution, he was, moreover, a man of industrious habits, and able from custom to concentrate his thoughts and faculties according to the determination of his will. And now that he had lost Harriette, he determined to direct all his energies to the pursuit of his profession, in which, for so young a man, he already stood high. Success, reputation, riches began to pour in upon him. In a year he believed he had ceased to regret Harriette Bertram. In another year he thought of marrying. With this end in view he went a good deal into society. He met many women whom he could not but acknowledge were pretty, and amiable, and sensible; but somehow, in spite of his own wishes and even endeavors, he could not fall in love. In every woman he saw there was wanting an indefinable charm, and this charm he could not but remember Harriette Bertram possessed. And yet, probably, if he were to see her now, he thought he should find himself disenchanted. Thus nearly five years had passed, when, during a visit to Sandilands Hall, he met Clara Norris. He was much struck by her beauty, grace, and extreme liveliness. Like Harriette, there was something uncommon, something fresh about her. He was amused, aroused, interested, and believed himself in love once more. He offered his heart and hand to the wild, volatile Clara, who, pleased and flattered at having made a conquest of a man so clever, so much esteemed, and so highly spoken of by everybody, and also influenced by the Hartleys, who both impressed upon her her extreme good fortune, accepted him at once. They had now been engaged for some time. A more intimate acquaintance had made Arthur Clavering aware of various mental deficiencies in his fair betrothed—such as an utter want of purpose, and a carelessness about everything but amusement. But to counterbalance these faults, she was, though excessively wilful, quite free from selfishness, kind-hearted, and without the smallest taint either of malice or deceit. "When she is married,"

thought Clavering, "she will become steadier. I shall have her of my own educating." Misgivings of his power to effect a change would however occasionally intrude. But he turned a deaf ear to them. The die was cast—Clara was to be his wife. He would cure her of her faults; but, like a wise man, he would not begin by drawing the reins too tight. Far, therefore, from rivalling what Clara denominated Mrs. Hartley's "prudishness," or taking part in the lectures of the latter, he sometimes took Clara's part, and sought to win rather than to control the wayward girl. And in truth Clara was by no means insensible to his kindness; for while she delighted to tease Mrs. Hartley, she would frequently suffer herself to be influenced by Arthur.

Such was the posture of affairs when Clavering found himself domesticated under the same roof with Harriette Bertram. At first sight he had thought her much changed both in appearance and manners. He said to himself that the charm was dissolved; that Harriette Bertram, though a fine-looking woman, was still but an ordinary mortal, and moreover *un peu passée*, and not nearly so lively as in former days. He had not been a week in the house, however, ere he became aware that the mental qualities he had attributed to her, the refined taste, the lively imagination, the ready apprehension of all that is lovely in nature or noble in conduct, were no part of his delusion. Harriette was less vivacious, less demonstrative, less impassioned than in past times; but in the tones of her flexible voice, in the light of her expressive eyes, might still be read, deepened, if subdued, the same earnestness and enthusiasm of character which had formerly distinguished her. In her affection for and devotion to her dying mother there was something, too, inexpressibly touching. Let her character be what it might, there could be no doubt she was fascinating. She was a complete riddle to him. In vain he tried to solve it. Thus she came to occupy much of his thoughts; and then occasionally, when Clara was indulging in a fit of more than ordinary frivolity, the wish, scarce consciously to himself, would flit across his mind, that she were in *some things* more like Harriette. Such comparisons became more and more frequent; and it was with something like remorse that he discovered that his old love was more frequently in his thoughts than his new. He explained this, however, to himself by saying that he understood Clara, and thought of Harriette merely as an interesting psychological study. Still he felt instinctively that there was danger in thinking so much of her, and he increased his attention to Clara, seeking to occupy himself in cares for her.

On the evening, the events of which I have described above, he had been more than usually displeased with Clara. Her frivolity seemed to him to have reached a climax, while her refusal to sing had seriously annoyed him. Then she had increased her offence by asking Harriette. How could she be so thoughtless when she knew the past!—but he rejoiced that she did not know his feelings. It was not, however, till he heard Harriette sing once more again his favorite song, till her voice, so full, so sweet, so replete with feeling, seemed to awaken old associations, and recall in their pristine freshness old times, old hopes, old happiness, that his eyes were opened, and that he felt the entire and terrible conviction that he was engaged to one woman while he loved another. Yes, he loved her.

The true love once disclosed,
Long since rejected,

was true love still. This it was which had caused him to wrap himself up in external coldness and impossibility; this it was which had sent him out to meditate alone in the moonlight, that he might regain his self-command, that he might think of and resolve upon the future. And now it seemed to him as if he had been led upon an unknown path in a mist, which, suddenly clearing away, had disclosed to him a horrible abyss, on the very brink of which he stood. What was he to do? To marry Clara while he loved Harriette, or to break off his engagement with the former? He felt like a true man, that in such a case as this Clara was the first person to be considered. Was it better to marry her without love, or to wound her feelings and mortify her pride by breaking off their projected union? Or ought he to tell her the whole? This last course, however, he felt was equivalent to dissolving the engagement, as no woman of feeling or spirit, however much she might suffer, could wish to continue it after such a disclosure. The result of Arthur Clavering's deliberations was, that he must marry Clara. He was brought to this determination by the very motive which might have deterred many other men. Conscious that his feelings were all on the other side, and aware how apt the judgment, even of the most upright men, is to be swayed by the inclinations, he thought it best to adhere to a promise solemnly given, cost what it might to himself. Clara should never know the sacrifice he had made, nor should she ever feel that she was not loved. This resolution once taken, with the decision of character and promptness of action conspicuous in everything he did, he determined to leave Sandilands Hall the next day. In his case he felt that true courage lay in flight. No longer exposed daily and hourly to the dangerous influence of Harriette's fascinating presence, this fever of the heart would subside. He had forgotten her once before: he might—he might *perhaps* forget her again.

The following morning he made an excuse to the Hartleys and Clara for quitting Sandilands Hall the same afternoon. Of the latter he took a kind farewell. His adieux to the Hartleys and Mrs. Bertram were also of the most cordial and friendly description. And now he must shake hands with Harriette; hers was extended with composure, yet kindness. Her face, shaded by the "long, beautiful ringlets," as Clara called them, though calm, was not indifferent, and was tinged by a slight, ingenuous blush. She wished that they might part as friends, and she felt that from her heart she wished him happiness with Clara. He gave one glance at her eloquent face—the last—for he was never to see her again. Then hardly touching her offered hand, he returned quickly to repeat his farewell to Clara. Harriette believed she was utterly unheeded—quite forgotten. She deserved it; but when her heart had been so full of kindness, it was very bitter. Again, as on the previous night, she felt her eyes filling. She turned her head to conceal her emotion. As she did so, she caught Clara's eye fixed upon her. Clavering was now gone; and Clara, rushing up to Harriette, threw her arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" cried the latter, in alarm.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I felt inclined to cry somehow; something came into my head; but you need not ask, for I am not going to tell one

of you. And, by the by, I must practise that duet I promised to play with Charles Crawford to-morrow morning."

"He must wind those worsteds for me first," said Susan; "and there is also a recipe which he promised to copy for me, that must not be forgotten. And, Clara, you and he must not ramble about upon the downs as you do; it looks ill; though Charles Crawford is a very gentlemanly young man; and as he pays attention to everybody, it does not so much signify; still, engaged young ladies cannot be too circumspect. Be advised, Clara, by a person who has had more experience than yourself, and who has only your good at heart."

Susan delivered this speech with an air of extreme sagacity, while an expression of good-natured self-satisfaction beamed from her face. Clara made no answer, but skipped away to feed the peacock.

VIII.

After the departure of Arthur Clavering things fell into the old routine at Sandilands Hall. Clara was as incorrigible as ever in her flirtations with Charles Crawford. One day, after the lapse of about a fortnight, she announced that she had received an invitation to spend two or three weeks with some cousins who resided at Portsmouth, one of whom was the widow of an officer in the navy. Portsmouth! Susan demurred; for visions of picnics, and balls, and Clara flirting furiously with dozens of officers, led her to doubt the propriety of the step. But Clara was determined to go, and finally carried her point.

It was a fine morning on which she was to set out. Mr. Hartley was to accompany her in the carriage to the nearest railway station. She had been unusually excitable and fidgety all the morning, having talked and laughed incessantly, and never having sat still for a single minute. After she had bid them all good-by in the drawing-room, she requested Harriette to accompany her into the hall. When there, she threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, half-crying, half-laughing as she did so. Then disengaging herself, she ran down the steps into the porch; but ere Harriette could return to the drawing-room, flew back again to embrace her once more, crying—"Good-by, my dearest, sweetest Harriette: I hope you will be happy!"

"Happy! my dear girl," cried Harriette, smiling; "one would suppose that I was unhappy."

"No, not exactly unhappy. But are you *quite* happy?"

"All wise people, you know, Clara, tell us that there is no such thing as perfect felicity in this world, and I have no right to expect that mine should be an exception to the common lot; but if mamma were only well again I should be happy—enough." To this speech Clara only replied by a look, half-doubtful, half-perplexed, and another and another kiss.

"You won't quite forget me, Harriette? Though I am such a wild, foolish, silly thing, you will love me a little bit in spite of all?"

"Dear, kind Clara! I love you very dearly." Here Mr. Hartley, who had been standing at the door all this time, called out in an impatient tone that he would wait no longer, and Clara ran off, laughing and exclaiming—"We can drive all the quicker. Oh, I do so like to drive quick!"

"We shall meet again in a fortnight," cried Harriette, with a cheerful nod. Clara only re-

plied by a laugh—an odd-sounding laugh it seemed to Harriette; but the impression was only momentary, and passed entirely away from her thoughts.

The day after Clara's departure Mrs. Bertram became much worse than she had ever been since she left home. She was now again confined to bed. Susan and Harriette were both much distressed; but the former had her husband, and her children, and her house, and her comforts, and was, besides, of a less anxious disposition. Poor Harriette felt that in losing her mother she should lose her all; but, for the sake of that beloved one, she bore up bravely. In everything Harriette felt or did there was an ardor, an enthusiasm, the natural effect of a warm heart united with a susceptible imagination and great strength of character. Thus she would not allow herself to despond for her own future, while her whole time and cares were for the present devoted to the invalid, for whose sake all her labors were labors of love. Still there were moments when an inexpressible sadness would suddenly steal over her spirits, and a settled gloom, without a glimmer on the horizon, would seem to darken over the perspective of her life. This generally happened when she was weary or unemployed, and at such times she wisely shunned solitude, as a fit of musing was generally succeeded by a fit of weeping. One afternoon, a day or two before Clara's expected return, Mrs. Bertram having fallen asleep, Harriette took the opportunity to go into the garden to gather a bouquet, and snatch a breath of the fresh air. Neither Susan nor Mr. Hartley were at home, having taken advantage of the fine day to pay a round of visits.

The flower-garden at Sandilands Hall was a very pretty one. It branched off from the lawn, from which it was only separated by a low wire-fence covered with fuchsias and China-roses, and was sheltered on the north by a row of lime-trees, through which walks led into a wood behind. A pretty conservatory stood on a sort of terrace, while beds of beautiful flowers were separated by walks bordered by honeysuckles and dahlias, which formed miniature avenues in every direction. The trees were in their autumn glory. There was no scarlet mountain-ash, no purple heather, no long fern, as at Harriette's home; but elm, and ash, and chestnut and oak, such as Scotland never saw, stretched away before her in rich and variegated luxuriance, while the sun setting red in the west threw an additional splendor over their melancholy pomp. Away, far along the horizon, stretched the sea, bright, and calm, and cold, and blue. There was a clearness and a brightness about everything, which seemed almost spiritual, but was the reverse of joyous. Harriette sat down on a garden-seat, and fell into a reverie. The strange sadness which like a spell mingled with the sunshine, and brooded over the beauty, reminded her of the sadness which had come over her fading youth and once gay spirits. The temptation to muse over the past was too strong to be resisted; and Harriette recalled image after image, and feeling after feeling, till it all rose before her a perfect picture; and then, as she remembered that the vision she had conjured up was but a vision after all, she felt the tears rush to her eyes. Reproaching herself for her weakness and folly, she started up quickly for the purpose of returning to the house. She had not proceeded many steps when she heard some one pronounce her name, and, turning round, was surprised and confused to perceive that it was Arthur Clavering. She stammered, and said something about not having expected him.

"I hope I have not intruded. The servant told me that your sister and Mr. Hartley were not at home, but that I should find you in the garden."

He had come voluntarily to seek her, then. More surprised than ever, but in a degree recovering her self-possession, she replied—"Oh, no; not at all. I am going to gather a bouquet."

"May I help you?"

"Thank you." Harriette knew not what to make of all this, and she feared to speak lest she should betray her surprise and agitation. What could possibly be the meaning of the change which had come over Arthur Clavering—and why was he here?

After having given her several flowers of different kinds, he gathered at last a sprig of rosemary, and, presenting it to her with greater discomposure and awkwardness than she had ever seen him display, he quoted part of Ophelia's speech—"There's rosemary; that's for remembrance."

Harriette, we have said, had learned in a great measure to control her feelings, but at this moment she was not mistress of herself, and exclaimed, in her natural spontaneous and unguarded manner—"Rather give me something which means forgetfulness."

He looked at her inquiringly. "Surely, Miss Bertram, there can be no part of your past so painful that you should wish to forget it altogether. It is I, not you, the burden of whose song should be 'Teach me to forget.'" This last sentence was spoken in a low voice. Harriette was more than amazed. If his words had any meaning at all, they meant something very different from anything she ever expected to hear from the lips of Arthur Clavering. There was a silence of some seconds. "Do you remember the walks, Miss Bertram, we used to take long ago over the hill among the long heather to the heronry?"

Harriette's heart swelled; she had been thinking of them a few minutes before. She felt ready to weep, but she answered calmly: "Yes; that was a very nice walk, and the weather was fine, if I remember rightly." An expression of pain and disappointment passed over Clavering's features. He turned away almost angrily. Harriette remarked in a tone of assumed carelessness: "Clara, I suppose, is to be home to-morrow?"

Arthur Clavering started. "Clara!" he exclaimed, as if some forgotten idea had suddenly recurred to him. "You do not know then—indeed, how could you!—Clara is married!"

"Married!" Harriette almost screamed.

"Yes; she was married two days ago to Charles Crawford!" Harriette looked up in amazement. Arthur continued in an accelerated tone: "Perhaps you are surprised that I am not in despair at her desertion; but Clara read me more truly. Clara has set me free—free at least to wish." He looked at Harriette. The blood mounted to her temples; she trembled all over. He spoke again. "Harriette, when I asked Clara to marry me, I believed I loved her, I believed I had forgotten; but the presence of the only woman I ever really loved dispelled the illusion. Harriette, my only love, I am free to offer you again the heart and hand you once rejected. Should you—should you reject them again—oh, I beseech you, do it less unkindly!" and his voice as he finished speaking sank into a passionate whisper. Harriette had been standing for some time with her face towards the sea, looking on it, on the blue sky, on the gay flowers, and the bright tinted woods, as if all around her was some unearthly dream called up by the reminiscences in

which she had been indulging. Could it be that Arthur Clavering stood by her side once more!—that he asked her love!—that no barrier lay between them! She turned round. His eyes sought hers. He had resolved to learn his fate at once, and to bear it; and with the anxious, impassioned glance of the lover was mingled the stern fortitude of the man prepared for disappointment. Harriette was a woman, and a proud one—but she was not so strong. “All impulses of soul and sense” had swept upon her heart like a tempest; and if Arthur had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen to the ground. It was with a burst of hysterical tears, as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, that the rash reply she had given to his former suit was withdrawn.

Great was the amazement of the circle at Sandilands Hall at the news which awaited them. Mrs. Hartley’s indignation by degrees became subdued into a sort of compassionate consciousness of the necessity of teaching Clara how to manage her house. Mr. Hartley remarked that if Clara and her husband never did anything better, they would probably never do anything worse than play at cat’s cradle, and thump upon the piano. All were much pleased at the prospect of the approaching marriage, and poor Mrs. Bertram declared that all she now wished was to return to Fernielee. In due course of time Arthur Clavering received a letter from

Mr. Bertram, containing an answer to one he had written soliciting his consent to his marriage with his daughter. This letter Arthur declared to be very satisfactory; but he never showed it to any one, not even to Harriette.

Mrs. Bertram’s wish was granted: she lived to return to Fernielee, and then sank gradually, and died in the arms of her weak husband, whom the solemn scene appeared for the time to elevate as well as subdue. The third day after her mother’s death Harriette sat alone in the embrasure of one of the drawing-room windows. It was a grim November day: the hills were shrouded in a cold gray mist, which crept ever nearer and nearer, gradually obliterating tree, and shrub, and stream, and even the lawn itself, till all between earth and sky was a blank and a desolation. Life, too, seemed blank and desolate; and Harriette wept in loneliness of heart as she remembered that she had now no mother to comfort her. Suddenly she became aware that she was not alone. Arthur Clavering had silently seated himself beside her; his manner was grave, but full of tenderness. “Why do you weep alone, my Harriette?” he said. “Ought not the severing of one tie to make us cling more closely to those which remain?” As he spoke he drew her gently towards him, and laid her head upon his breast. Harriette felt that to weep there was consolation and happiness.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A ROYALIST “DE LA VIEILLE ROCHE.”

On a hot and sultry day of June, I found myself seated in a country cart, and under the guard of two mounted dragoons, wending my way towards Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress, to which I was sentenced as a prisoner. A weary journey was it; for, in addition to my now sad thoughts, I had to contend against an attack of ague, which I had just caught, and which was then raging like a plague in the Austrian camp. One solitary reminiscence, and that far from a pleasant one, clings to this period. We had halted on the outskirts of a little village called “Broletto,” for the siesta; and there, in a clump of olives, were quietly dozing away the sultry hours, when the clatter of horsemen awoke us; and, on looking up, we saw a cavalry escort sweep past at a gallop. The corporal who commanded our party hurried into the village to learn the news, and soon returned with the tidings that “a great victory had been gained over the French, commanded by Bonaparte in person; that the army was in full retreat; and this was the despatch an officer of Melas’ staff was now hastening to lay at the feet of the emperor.”

“I thought several times this morning,” said the corporal, “that I heard artillery; and so it seems I might, for we are not above twenty miles from where the battle was fought.”

“And how is the place called?” asked I, in a tone sceptical enough to be offensive.

“Marengo,” replied he; “mayhap the name will not escape your memory.”

How true was the surmise, but in how different a sense from what he uttered it! But so it was; even as late as four o’clock the victory was with the Austrians. Three separate envoys had left

the field with tidings of success; and it was only late at night that the general, exhausted by a disastrous day, and almost broken-hearted, could write to tell his master that “Italy was lost.”

I have many a temptation here to diverge from a line that I set down for myself in these memoirs, and from which as yet I have not wandered—I mean, not to dwell upon events wherein I was not myself an actor; but I am determined still to adhere to my rule; and, leaving that glorious event behind me, plod wearily along my now sad journey.

Day after day we journeyed through a country teeming with abundance; vast plains of corn and maize, olives and vines everywhere; on the mountains, the crags, the rocks, festooned over cliffs, and spreading their tangled networks over cottages, and yet everywhere poverty, misery, and debasement, ruined villages, and a half-naked, starving populace met the eye at every turn. There was the stamp of slavery on all, and still more palpably was there the stamp of despotism in the air of their rulers.

I say this in a sad spirit; for within a year from the day in which I write these lines, I have travelled the self-same road, and with precisely the self-same objects before me—changed in nothing, save what time changes, in ruin and decay! There was the dreary village as of yore; the unglazed windows closed with some rotten boarding, or occupied by a face gaunt with famine. The listless, unoccupied group still sat or lay on the steps before the church; a knot of nearly naked creatures sat card-playing beside a fountain, their unsheathed knives alongside of them; and lastly, on the wall of the one habitation

which had the semblance of decency about it, there stared out the "double-headed eagle," the symbol of their shame and their slavery! It never can be the policy of a government to retard the progress and depress the energies of a people beneath its rule. Why, then, do we find a whole nation, gifted and capable as this, so backward in civilization? Is the fault with the rulers? or are there, indeed, people, whose very development is the obstacle to their improvement; whose impulses of right and wrong will submit to no discipline; and who are incapable of appreciating true liberty? This would be a gloomy theory; and the very thought of it suggests darker fears for a land to which my sympathies attach me more closely!

If any spot can impress the notion of impregnability, it is Kuffstein. Situated on an eminence of rock over the Inn, three sides of the base are washed by that rapid river; a little village occupies the fourth; and from this the supplies are hoisted up to the garrison above, by cranes and pulleys; the only approach being by a path wide enough for a single man, and far too steep and difficult of access to admit of his carrying any burthen, however light. All that science and skill could do is added to the natural strength of the position, and from every surface of the vast rock itself the projecting mouths of guns and mortars show resources of defence it would seem madness to attack.

Three thousand men, under the command of General Urleben, held this fortress at the time I speak of; and, by their habits of discipline and vigilance, showed that no over-security would make them neglect the charge of so important a trust. I was the first French prisoner that had ever been confined within the walls, and to the accident of my uniform was I indebted for this distinction. I have mentioned that in Genoa they gave me a staff-officer's dress and appointments, and from this casual circumstance it was supposed that I should know a great deal of Massena's movements and intentions, and that, by judicious management, I might be induced to reveal it.

General Urleben, who had been brought up in France, was admirably calculated to have promoted such an object, were it practicable. He possessed the most winning address, as well as great personal advantages; and, although now past the middle of life, was reputed one of the handsomest men in Austria. He at once invited me to his table, and, having provided me with a delightful little chamber, from whence the view extended for miles along the Inn, he sent me stores of books, journals, and newspapers, French, English, and German, showing, by the very candor of their tidings, a most flattering degree of confidence and trust.

If imprisonment could ever be endurable with resignation, mine ought to have been so. My mornings were passed in weeding or gardening a little plot of ground outside my window, giving me ample occupation in that way, and rendering

carnations and roses dearer to me, through all my after life, than without such associations they would ever have been. Then I used to sketch for hours, from the walls, bird's-eye-views, prisoner's glimpses, of the glorious Tyrol scenery below us. Early in the afternoon came dinner, and then, with the general's pleasant converse, a cigar, and a chessboard, the time wore smoothly on till nightfall.

An occasional thunder-storm, grander and more sublime than anything I have ever seen elsewhere, would now and then vary a life of calm, but not unpleasant monotony; and occasionally, too, some passing escort, on the way to or from Vienna, would give tidings of the war; but, except in these, each day was precisely like the other, so that when the almanac told me it was autumn, I could scarcely believe a single month had glided over. I will not attempt to conceal the fact, that the inglorious idleness of my life, this term of inactivity at an age when hope, and vigor, and energy, were highest within me, was a grievous privation; but, except in these regrets, I could almost call this time a happy one. The unfortunate position in which I started in life, gave me little opportunity, or even inclination, for learning. Except the little *Père Michel* had taught me, I knew nothing. I need not say that this was but a sorry stock of education, even at that period; when, I must say, the sabre was more in vogue than the grammar.

I now set steadily about repairing this deficiency. General Urleben lent me all his aid, directing my studies, supplying me with books, and, at times, affording me the still greater assistance of his counsel and advice. To history generally, but particularly that of France, he made me pay the deepest attention, and seemed never to weary while impressing upon me the grandeur of our former monarchies, and the happiness of France when ruled by her legitimate sovereigns.

I had told him all that I knew myself of my birth and family, and frequently would he allude to the subject of my reading, by saying, "The son of an old 'Garde du Corps' needs no commentary when perusing such details as these. Your own instincts tell you how nobly these servants of a monarchy bore themselves—what chivalry lived at that time in men's hearts, and how generous and self-denying was their loyalty."

Such and such like were the expressions which dropped from him from time to time; nor was their impression the less deep, when supported by the testimony of the memoirs with which he supplied me. Even in deeds of military glory, the Monarchy could compete with the Republic, and Urleben took care to insist upon a fact I was never unwilling to concede—that the well-born were ever foremost in danger; no matter whether the banner was a white one or a tricolor.

"*La bon sang ne peut mentir*" was an adage I never disputed, although certainly I never expected to hear it employed to the disparagement of those to whom it did not apply.

As the winter set in I saw less of the general. He was usually much occupied in the mornings, and at evening he was accustomed to go down to the village, where of late some French emigré families had settled—unhappy exiles, who had both peril and poverty to contend against! Many such were scattered through the Tyrol at that period, both for the security and the cheapness it afforded. Of these Urleben rarely spoke; some chance allusion, when borrowing a book or taking away a newspaper, being the extent to which he ever referred to them.

One morning, as I sat sketching on the walls, he came up to me and said, "Strange enough, Tiernay, last night I was looking at a view of this very scene, only taken from another point of sight; both were correct, accurate in every detail, and yet most dissimilar—what a singular illustration of many of our prejudices and opinions. The sketch I speak of was made by a young countrywoman of yours—a highly gifted lady, who little thought that the accomplishments of her education were one day to be the resources of her livelihood. Even so," said he sighing, "a Marquis of the best blood of France is reduced to sell her drawings!"

As I expressed a wish to see the sketches in question, he volunteered to make the request if I would send some of mine in return, and thus accidentally grew up a sort of intercourse between myself and the strangers, which gradually extended to books, and music, and, lastly, to civil messages and inquiries, of which the general was ever the bearer.

What a boon was all this to me! What a sun-ray through the bars of a prisoner's cell was this gleam of kindness and sympathy! The very similarity of our pursuits, too, had something inexpressibly pleasing in it, and I bestowed ten times as much pains upon each sketch, now that I knew to whose eyes it would be submitted.

"Do you know, Tiernay," said the general to me, one day, "I am about to incur a very heavy penalty in your behalf—I am going to contravene the strict orders of the War Office, and take you along with me this evening down to the village."

I started with surprise and delight together, and could not utter a word.

"I know perfectly well," continued he, "that you will not abuse my confidence. I ask, then, for nothing beyond your word, that you will not make any attempt at escape; for this visit may lead to others, and I desire, so far as possible, that you should feel as little constraint as a prisoner well may."

I readily gave the pledge required, and he went on—

"I have no cautions to give you, nor any counsels. Madame d'Aigreville is a Royalist."

"She is madame, then!" said I, in a voice of some disappointment.

"Yes, she is a widow, but her niece is unmarried," said he smiling at my eagerness. I affected to hear the tidings with unconcern, but a

burning flush covered my cheek, and I felt as uncomfortable as possible.

I dined that day as usual with the general; adjourning after dinner to the little drawing-room, where we played our chess. Never did he appear to me so tedious in his stories, so intolerably tiresome in his digressions, as that evening. He halted at every move—he had some narrative to recount, or some observation to make, that delayed our game to an enormous time; and at last, on looking out of the window, he fancied there was a thunder-storm brewing, and that we should do well to put off our visit to a more favorable opportunity.

"It is little short of half a league," said he, "to the village, and in bad weather is worse than double that distance."

I did not dare to controvert his opinion, but, fortunately, a gleam of sunshine shot, the same moment, through the window, and proclaimed a fair evening.

Heaven knows I had suffered little of a prisoner's duration—my life had been one of comparative freedom and ease; and yet, I cannot tell the swelling emotion of my heart with which I emerged from the deep archway of the fortress, and heard the bang of the heavy gate, as it closed behind me. Steep as was the path, I felt as if I could have bounded down it without a fear! The sudden sense of liberty was maddening in its excitement, and I half suspected that, had I been on horseback in that moment of wild delight, I should have forgotten all my plighted words and parole, though I sincerely trust that the madness would not have endured beyond a few minutes. If there be among my readers one who has known imprisonment, he will forgive this confession of a weakness, which to others of less experience will seem unworthy, perhaps dishonorable.

Dorf Kuffstein was a fair specimen of the picturesque simplicity of a Tyrol village. There were the usual number of houses, with carved galleries and quaint images in wood, the shrines and altars, the little "platz," for Sunday recreation, and the shady alley for rifle practice.

There were also the trellised walks of vines, and the orchards, in the midst of one of which we now approached a long, low farm-house, whose galleries projected over the river. This was the abode of Madame d'Aigreville. A peasant was cleaning a little mountain pony, from which a side-saddle had just been removed, as we came up, and he, leaving his work, proceeded to ask us into the house, informing us, as he went, that the ladies had just returned from a long ramble, and would be with us presently.

The drawing-room into which we were shown was a perfect picture of cottage elegance; all the furniture was of polished walnut wood, and kept in the very best condition. It opened by three spacious windows upon the terrace above the river, and afforded a view of mountain and valley for miles on every side. An easel was placed on this gallery, and a small sketch in oils of Kuffstein

was already nigh completed on it. There were books, too, in different languages, and, to my inexpressible delight, a piano!

The reader will smile, perhaps, at the degree of pleasure objects so familiar and every-day called forth; but let him remember how removed were all the passages of my life from such civilizing influence—how little of the world had I seen beyond camps and barrack-rooms, and how ignorant I was of the charms which a female presence can diffuse over even the very humblest abode.

Before I had well ceased to wonder and admire these objects, the marquise entered.

A tall and stately old lady, with an air at once haughty and gracious, received me with a profound courtesy, while she extended her hand to the salute of the general. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore her white hair in two braids along her face. The sound of my native language, with its native accent, made me forget the almost profound reserve of her manner, and I was fast recovering from the constraint her coldness imposed, when her niece entered the room. Mademoiselle, who was at that time about seventeen, but looked older by a year or two, was the very ideal of "brunette" beauty; she was dark-eyed and black-haired, with a mouth the most beautifully formed; her figure was light, and her foot a model of shape and symmetry. All this I saw in an instant, as she came, half-sliding, half-bounding, to meet the general; and then, turning to me, welcomed me with a cordial warmth, very different from the reception of Madame la Marquise.

Whether it was the influence of her presence, whether it was a partial concession of the old lady's own, or whether my own awkwardness was wearing off by time, I cannot say—but gradually the stiffness of the interview began to diminish. From the scenery around us we grew to talk of the Tyrol generally, then of Switzerland, and lastly of France. The marquise came from Auvergne, and was justly proud of the lovely scenery of her birth-place.

Calmly and tranquilly as the conversation had been carried on up to this period, the mention of France seemed to break down the barrier of reserve within the old lady's mind, and she burst out in a wild flood of reminiscences of the last time she had seen her native village. "The Blues," as the revolutionary soldiers were called, had come down upon the quiet valley, carrying fire and carnage into a once peaceful district. The chateau of her family was razed to the ground; her husband was shot upon his own terrace; the whole village was put to the sword; her own escape was owing to the compassion of the gardener's wife, who dressed her like a peasant boy, and employed her in a menial station, a condition she was forced to continue so long as the troops remained in the neighborhood. "Yes," said she, drawing off her silk mittens, "these hands still witness the hardships I speak of. These are the marks of my servitude."

It was in vain the general tried at first to sympathize, and then withdraw her from the

theme; in vain her niece endeavored to suggest another topic, or convey a hint that the subject might be unpleasant to me. It was the old lady's one absorbing idea, and she could not relinquish it. Whole volumes of the atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionary soldiery came to her recollection; each moment, as she talked, memory would recall this fact or the other, and so she continued rattling on with the fervor of a heated imagination, and the wild impetuosity of a half-crazed intellect. As for myself, I suffered far more from witnessing the pain others felt for me, than from any offence the topic occasioned me directly. These events were all "before my time." I was neither a Blue by birth nor by adoption; a child during the period of revolution, I had only taken a man's part when the country, emerging from its term of anarchy and blood, stood at bay against the whole of Europe. These consolations were, however, not known to the others, and it was at last, in a moment of unendurable agony, that mademoiselle rose and left the room.

The general's eyes followed her as she went, and then sought mine with an expression full of deep meaning. If I read his look aright, it spoke patience and submission; and the lesson was an easier one than he thought.

"They talk of heroism," cried she frantically—"it was massacre! And when they speak of chivalry, they mean the slaughter of women and children!" She looked round, seeing that her niece had left the room, suddenly dropped her voice to a whisper, and said, "Think of her mother's fate, dragged from her home, her widowed, desolate home, and thrown into the Temple, outraged and insulted, condemned on a mock trial, and then carried away to the guillotine! Ay, and even then, on that spot, which coming death might have sanctified, in that moment, when even fiendish vengeance can turn away and leave its victim at liberty to utter a last prayer in peace, even then these wretches devised an anguish greater than all death could compass. You will scarcely believe me," said she, drawing in her breath, and talking with an almost convulsive effort, "you will scarcely believe me in what I am now about to tell you, but it is the truth—the simple but horrible truth. When my sister mounted the scaffold there was no priest to administer the last rites. It was a time, indeed, when few were left; their hallowed heads had fallen in thousands before that. She waited for a few minutes, hoping that one would appear; and when the mob learned the meaning of her delay, they set up a cry of fiendish laughter, and, with a blasphemy that makes one shudder to think of, they pushed forward a boy, one of those blood-stained 'gamins' of the streets, and made him gabble a mock litany! Yes, it is true; a horrible mockery of our service, in the ears and before the eyes of that dying saint."

"When? in what year? in what place was that?" cried I, in an agony of eagerness.

"I can give you both time and place, sir," said

the marquise, drawing herself proudly up, for she construed my question into a doubt of her veracity. "It was in the year 1793, in the month of August; and, as for the place, it was one well seasoned to blood—the Place de Grève at Paris."

A fainting sickness came over me as I heard these words; the dreadful truth flashed across me that the victim was the Marquise D'Estelles, and the boy, on whose infamy she dwelt so strongly, no other than myself. For the moment, it was nothing to me that she had not identified me with this atrocity; I felt no consolation in the thought that I was unknown and unsuspected. The heavy weight of the indignant accusation almost crushed me. Its falsehood I knew, and yet, could I dare to disprove it? Could I hazard the consequences of an avowal, which all my subsequent pleadings could never obliterate? Even were my innocence established in one point, what a position did it reduce me to in every other!

These struggles must have manifested themselves strongly in my looks, for the marquise, with all her self-occupation, remarked how ill I seemed.

"I see, sir," cried she, "that all the ravages of war have not steeled your heart against true piety; my tale has moved you strongly." I muttered something in concurrence, and she went on. "Happily for you, you were but a child when such scenes were happening! Not, indeed, that childhood was always unstained in those days of blood; but you were, as I understand, the son of a Garde du Corps, one of those loyal men who sealed their devotion with their life. Were you in Paris then?"

"Yes, madam," said I, briefly.

"With your mother, perhaps?"

"I was quite alone, madam; an orphan on both sides."

"What was your mother's family name?"

Here was a puzzle; but at a hazard I resolved to claim her who should sound best to the ears of La Marquise. "La Lasterie, madam," said I.

"La Lasterie de La Vignoble—a most distinguished house, sir. Provençal, and of the purest blood. Auguste de La Lasterie married the daughter of the Duke de Mirancourt, a cousin of my husband's, and there was another of them who went as ambassador to Madrid."

I knew none of them, and supposed I looked as much.

"Your mother was, probably, of the elder branch, sir," asked she.

I had to stammer out a most lamentable confession of my ignorance.

"Not know your own kinsfolk, sir; not your nearest of blood?" cried she in amazement. "General, have you heard this strange avowal? or is it possible that my ears have deceived me?"

"Please to remember, madam," said I, submissively, "the circumstances in which I passed my infancy. My father fell by the guillotine."

"And his son wears the uniform of those who slew him?"

"Of a French soldier, madam, proud of the service he belongs to; glorying to be one of the first army in Europe."

"An army without a cause is a banditti, sir. Your soldiers, without loyalty, are without a banner."

"We have a country, madam."

"I must protest against this discussion going further," said the general blandly, while in a lower tone he whispered something in her ear.

"Very true, very true," said she; "I had forgotten all that. Mons. de Tiernay, you will forgive me this warmth. An old woman, who has lost nearly everything in the world, may have the privilege of bad temper accorded her. We are friends now, I hope," added she, extending her hand, and, with a smile of most gracious meaning, beckoning to me to sit beside her on the sofa.

Once away from the terrible scenes of the revolution, she conversed with much agreeability; and, her niece having reappeared, the conversation became animated and pleasing. Need I say with what interest I now regarded mademoiselle; the object of all my boyish devotion; the same whose pale features I had watched for many an hour in the dim half light of the little chapel; her whose image was never absent from my thoughts, waking or sleeping; and now again appearing before me in all the grace of coming womanhood!

Perhaps, to obliterate any impression of her aunt's severity—perhaps it was mere manner—but I thought there was a degree of anxiety to please in her bearing towards me. She spoke, too, as though our acquaintance was to be continued by frequent meetings, and dropped hints of plans that implied constant intercourse. Even excursions into the neighborhood she spoke of; when, suddenly stopping, she said, "But these are for the season of spring, and before that time, Mons. de Tiernay will be far away."

"Who can tell that?" said I. "I would seem to be forgotten by my comrades."

"Then you must take care to do that which may refresh their memory," said she pointedly; and, before I could question her more closely as to her meaning, the general had risen to take his leave.

"Madame La Marquise was somewhat more tart than usual," said he to me, as we ascended the cliff; "but you have passed the ordeal now, and the chances are, she will never offend you in the same way again. Great allowances must be made for those who have suffered as she has. Family—fortune—station—even country—all lost to her; and even hope now dashed by many a disappointment."

Though puzzled by the last few words, I made no remark on them, and he resumed—

"She has invited you to come and see her as often as you are at liberty; and, for my part, you shall not be restricted in that way. Go and come as you please, only do not infringe the hours of the fortress; and, if you can concede a little now and then to the prejudices of the old lady, your

intercourse will be all the more agreeable to both parties."

"I believe, general, that I have little of the Jacobin to recant," said I, laughing.

"I should go further, my dear friend, and say, none," added he. "Your uniform is the only tint of 'blue' about you." And thus chatting, we reached the fortress, and said good-night.

I have been particular, perhaps tiresomely so, in retailing these broken phrases and snatches of conversation; but they were the first matches applied to a train that was long and artfully laid.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—"A SORROWFUL PARTING."

THE general was as good as his word, and I now enjoyed the most unrestricted liberty; in fact, the officers of the garrison said truly, that they were far more like prisoners than I was. As regularly as evening came, I descended the path to the village, and, as the bell tolled out the vespers, I was crossing the little grass plot to the cottage. So regularly was I looked for, that the pursuits of each evening were resumed as though only accidentally interrupted. The unfinished game of chess, the half-read volume, the newly begun drawing, were taken up where we had left them, and life seemed to have centred itself in those delightful hours between sunset and midnight.

I suppose there are few young men who have not, at some time or other of their lives, enjoyed similar privileges, and known the fascination of intimacy in some household, where the affections became engaged as the intellect expanded; and, while winning another's heart, have elevated their own. But to know the full charm of such intercourse, one must have been as I was—a prisoner—an orphan—almost friendless in the world—a very "waif" upon the shore of destiny. I cannot express the intense pleasure these evenings afforded me. The cottage was my home, and more than my home. It was a shrine at which my heart worshipped—for I was in love! Easy as the confession is to make now, tortures would not have wronged it from me then!

In good truth, it was long before I knew it; nor can I guess how much longer the ignorance might have lasted, when General Urleben suddenly dispelled the clouds, by informing me that he had just received from the minister-of-war, at Vienna, a demand for the name, rank, and regiment of his prisoner, previous to the negotiation for his exchange.

"You will fill up these blanks, Tiernay," said he, "and within a month, or less, you will be once more free, and say adieu to Kuffstein."

Had the paper contained my dismissal from the service, I shame to own, it would have been more welcome! The last few months had changed all the character of my life, suggested new hopes and new ambitions. The career I used to glory in had grown distasteful; the comrades I once longed to rejoin were now become almost repulsive to my

imagination. The marquise had spoken much of emigrating to some part of the new world beyond seas, and thither my fancy alike pointed. Perhaps my dreams of a future were not the less rose-colored, that they received no shadow from anything like a "fact." The old lady's geographical knowledge was neither accurate nor extensive, and she contrived to invest this land of promise with old associations of what she once heard of Pondicherry—with certain features belonging to the United States. A glorious country it would, indeed, have been, which, within a month's voyage, realized all the delights of the tropics, with the healthful vigor of the temperate zone, and where, without an effort beyond the mere will, men amassed enormous fortunes in a year or two. In a calmer mood, I might, indeed must, have been struck with the wild inconsistency of the old lady's imaginings, and looked with somewhat of scepticism on the map for that spot of earth so richly endowed; but now I believed everything, provided it only administered to my new hopes. Laura, evidently, too, believed in the "Canaan" of which, at last, we used to discourse as freely as though we had been there. Little discussions would, however, now and then vary the uniformity of this creed, and I remember once feeling almost hurt at Laura's not agreeing with me about zebras, which I assured her were just as trainable as horses, but which the marquise flatly refused ever to use in any of her carriages. These were mere passing clouds; the regular atmosphere of our wishes was bright and transparent. In the midst of these delicious day-dreams, there came one day a number of letters to the marquise by the hands of a courier on his way to Naples. What their contents I never knew, but the tidings seemed most joyful, for the old lady invited the general and myself to dinner, when the table was decked out with white lilies on all sides; she herself, and Laura, also, wearing them in bouquets on their dresses.

The occasion had, I could see, something of a celebration about it. Mysterious hints to circumstances I knew nothing of were constantly interchanged, the whole ending with a solemn toast to the memory of the "Saint and Martyr;" but who he was, or when he lived, I knew not one single fact about.

That evening—I cannot readily forget it—was the first I had ever an opportunity of being alone with Laura! Hitherto the marquise had always been beside us; now she had all this correspondence to read over with the general, and they both retired into a little boudoir for the purpose, while Laura and myself wandered out upon the terrace, as awkward and constrained as though our situation had been the most provoking thing possible. It was on that same morning I had received the general's message regarding my situation, and I was burning with anxiety to tell it, and yet knew not exactly how. Laura, too, seemed full of her own thoughts, and leaned pensively over the balustrade and gazed on the stream.

"What are you thinking of so seriously?" asked I, after a long pause.

"Of long, long ago," said she, sighing, "when I was a little child. I remember a little chapel like that yonder, only that it was not on a rock over a river, but stood in a small garden; and, though in a great city, it was as lonely and solitary as might be—the Chapelle de St. Blois."

"St. Blois, Laura!" cried I; "oh, tell me about that!"

"Why, you surely never heard of it before," said she smiling. "It was in a remote quarter of Paris, nigh the outer Boulevard, and known to but a very few. It had once belonged to our family; for, in olden times, there were chateaux and country houses within that space, which then was part of Paris, and one of our ancestors was buried there. How well I remember it all! The dim little aisle, supported on wooden pillars; the simple altar, with the oaken crucifix, and the calm, gentle features of the poor Cure."

"Can you remember all this so well, Laura?" asked I, eagerly, for the theme was stirring my very heart of hearts.

"All—everything—the straggling, weed-grown garden, through which we passed to our daily devotions—the congregation standing respectfully to let us walk by, for my mother was still the great Marquise D'Estelles, although my father had been executed, and our estates confiscated. They who had known us in our prosperity, were as respectful and devoted as ever; and, poor old Richard, the lame sacristan, that used to take my mother's bouquet from her, and lay it on the altar; how everything stands out clear and distinct before my memory! Nay, Maurice, but I can tell you more, for, strangely enough, certain things, merely trifles in themselves, make impressions that even great events fail to do. There was a little boy, a child somewhat older than myself, that used to serve the mass with the Pére, and he always came to place a footstool or a cushion for my mother. Poor little fellow! bashful and diffident he was, changing color at every minute, and trembling in every limb; and, when he had done his duty, and made his little reverence, with his hands crossed on his bosom, he used to fall back into some gloomy corner of the church, and stand watching us with an expression of intense wonder and pleasure! Yes, I think I see his dark eyes, glistening through the gloom, ever fixed on me! I am sure, Maurice, that little fellow fancied he was in love with me!"

"And why not, Laura? was the thing so very impossible? was it even so unlikely?"

"Not that," said she archly, "but think of a mere child; we were both mere children; and fancy him, the poor little boy of some humble house perhaps; of course he must have been *that*, raising his eyes to the daughter of the great 'marquise'; what energy of character there must have been to have suggested the feeling; how daring he was, with all his bashfulness!"

"You never saw him afterwards?"

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"Never!"

"Never thought of him, perhaps?"

"I'll not say that," said she smiling. "I have often wondered to myself, if that hardihood I speak of had borne good or evil fruit. Had he been daring or enterprising in the right, or had he, as the sad times favored, been only bold and impetuous for the wrong?"

"And how have you pictured him to your imagination?" said I, as if merely following out a fanciful vein of thought.

"My fancy would like to have conceived him a chivalrous adherent to our ancient royalty, starving nobly in exile to aid the fortunes of some honored house, or daring, as many brave men have dared, the heroic part of La Vendée. My reason, however, tells me, that he was far more likely to have taken the other part."

"To which you will concede no favor, Laura; not even the love of glory."

"Glory, like honor, should have its fountain in a monarchy," cried she proudly. "The rude voices of a multitude can confer no meed of praise. Their judgments are the impulses of the moment. But why do we speak of these things, Maurice? nor have I, who can but breathe my hopes for a cause, the just pretension to contend with *you*, who shed your blood for its opposite."

As she spoke, she hurried from the balcony, and quitted the room. It was the first time, as I have said, that we had ever been alone together, and it was also the first time she had ever expressed herself strongly on the subject of party. What a moment to have declared her opinions, and when her reminiscences too, had recalled our infancy! How often was I tempted to interrupt that confession, by declaring myself, and how strongly was I repelled by the thought that the avowal might sever us forever! While I was thus deliberating, the marquise, with the general, entered the room, and Laura followed in a few moments.

The supper that night was a pleasant one to all save me. The rest were gay and high-spirited. Allusions, understood by *them*, but not by *me*, were caught up readily, and as quickly responded to. Toasts were uttered, and wishes breathed in concert, but all was like a dream to me. Indeed, my heart grew heavier at every moment. My coming departure, of which I had not yet spoken, lay heavily on my mind, while the bold decision with which Laura declared her faith showed that our destinies were separated by an impassable barrier.

It may be supposed that my depression was not relieved by discovering that the general had already announced my approaching departure, and the news, far from being received with anything like regret, was made the theme of pleasant allusion, and even congratulation. The marquise repeatedly assured me of the delight the tidings gave her, and Laura smiled happily towards me, as if echoing the sentiment.

Was this the feeling I had counted on? were

these the evidences of an affection, for which I had given my whole heart! Oh, how bitterly I reviled the frivolous ingratitude of woman! how heartily I condemned their heartless, unfeeling nature! In a few days, a few hours, perhaps, I shall be as totally forgotten here, as though I had never been; and yet these are the people who parade their devotion to a fallen monarchy, and their affection for an exiled house! I tried to arm myself with every prejudice against royalism. I thought of Santron and his selfish, sarcastic spirit. I thought of all the stories I used to hear of cowardly ingratitude, and noble infamy, and tried to persuade myself that the blandishments of the well-born were but the gloss that covered cruel and unfeeling natures.

For very pride sake, I tried to assume a manner cool and unconcerned as their own. I affected to talk of my departure as a pleasant event, and even hinted at the career that Fortune might hereafter open to me. In this they seemed to take a deeper interest than I anticipated, and I could perceive that more than once the general exchanged looks with the ladies most significantly. I fear I grew very impatient at last. I grieve to think that I fancied a hundred annoyances that were never intended for me, and when we arose to take leave I made my adieux with a cold and stately reserve, intended to be strongly impressive and cut them to the quick.

I heard very little of what the general said as we ascended the cliff. I was out of temper with him, and myself, and all the world; and it was only when he recalled my attention to the fact, for the third or fourth time, that I learned how very kindly he meant by me in the matter of my liberation; for while he had forwarded all my papers to Vienna, he was quite willing to set me at liberty on the following day, in the perfect assurance that my exchange would be confirmed.

"You will thus have a full fortnight at your own disposal, Tiernay," said he, "since the official answer cannot arrive from Vienna before that time, and you need not report yourself in Paris for eight or ten days after."

Here was a boon now thrown away! For my part, I would a thousand times rather have lingered on at Kuffstein than to have been free to travel Europe from one end to the other. My outraged pride, however, put this out of the question. La Marquise and her niece had both assumed a manner of sincere gratification, and I was resolved not to be behindhand in my show of joy! I ought to have known it, said I again and again. I ought to have known it. These antiquated notions of birth and blood can never coëxist with any generous sentiment. These remnants of a worn-out monarchy can never forgive the vigorous energy that has dethroned their decrepitude! I did not dare to speculate on what a girl Laura might have been under other auspices; how nobly her ambition would have soared; what high-souled patriotism she could have felt; how gloriously she would have adorned the society of a regener-

ated nation. I thought of her as she was, and could have hated myself for the devotion with which my heart regarded her.

I never closed my eyes the entire night. I lay down and walked about alternately, my mind in a perfect fever of conflict. Pride, a false pride, but not the less strong for that, alone sustained me. The general had announced to me that I was free. Be it so; I will no longer be a burden on his hospitality. La Marquise hears the tidings with pleasure. Agreed, then—we part without regret! Very valorous resolutions they were, but come to, I must own, with a very sinking heart and a very craven spirit.

Instead of my full uniform, that morning I put on half dress, showing that I was ready for the road; a sign, I had hoped, would have spoken unutterable things to La Marquise and Laura.

Immediately after breakfast, I set out for the cottage. All the way, as I went, I was drilling myself for the interview by assuming a tone of the coolest and easiest indifference. They shall have no triumph over me in this respect, muttered I. Let us see if I cannot be as unconcerned as they are! To such a pitch had I carried my zeal for flippancy, that I resolved to ask them whether they had no commission I could execute for them in Paris or elsewhere. The idea struck me as excellent, so indicative of perfect self-possession and command. I am sure I must have rehearsed our interview at least a dozen times, supplying all the stately grandeur of the old lady and all the quiet placitude of Laura.

By the time I reached the village I was quite strong in my part, and as I crossed the Platz I was eager to begin it. This energetic spirit, however, began to waver a little as I entered the lawn before the cottage, and a most uncomfortable throbbing at my side made me stand for a moment in the porch before I entered. I used always to make my appearance unannounced; but now I felt that it would be more dignified and distant were I to summon a servant, and yet I could find none. The household was on a very simple scale, and in all likelihood the labors of the field or the garden were now employing them. I hesitated what to do, and, after looking in vain around the "cour" and the stable-yard, I turned into the garden to seek for some one.

I had not proceeded many paces along a little alley, flanked by two close hedges of yew, when I heard voices, and at the same instant my own name uttered.

"You told him to use caution, Laura, that we know little of this Tiernay beyond his own narrative——"

"I told him the very reverse, aunt. I said that he was the son of a loyal Garde du Corps, left an orphan in infancy, and thrown, by force of events, into the service of the Republic; but that every sentiment he expressed, every ambition he cherished, and every feeling he displayed, was that of a gentleman; nay, further——" But I did not wait for more, for, striking my sabre

heavily on the ground to announce my coming, I walked hurriedly forward towards a small arbor where the ladies were seated at breakfast.

I need not stop to say how completely all my resolves were routed by the few words I had overheard from Laura, nor how thoroughly I recanted all my expressions concerning her. So full was I of joy and gratitude, that I hastened to salute her before ever noticing the marquise, or being conscious of her presence.

The old lady, usually the most exacting of all beings, took my omission in good part, and most politely made room for me between herself and Laura at the breakfast-table.

"You have come most opportunely, Monsieur de Tiernay," said she, "for not only were we just speaking of you, but discussing whether or not we might ask of you a favor."

"Does the question admit of a discussion, madame?" said I, bowing.

"Perhaps not, in ordinary circumstances, perhaps not; but ——" she hesitated, seemed confused, and looked at Laura, who went on—

"My aunt would say, sir, that we may be possibly asking too much—that we may presume too far."

"Not on my will to serve you," broke I in, for her looks said much more than her words.

"The matter is this, sir," said the aunt, "we have a very valued relative ——"

"Friend," interposed Laura, "friend, aunt."

"We will say friend, then," resumed she; "a friend in whose welfare we are deeply interested, and whose regard for us is not less powerful, has been for some years back separated from us by the force of those unhappy circumstances which have made so many of us exiles! No means have existed of communicating with each other, nor of interchanging those hopes or fears for our country's welfare which are so near to every French heart! He in Germany, we in the wild Tyrol, one half the world apart! and dare not trust to a correspondence, the utterance of those sympathies which have brought so many to the scaffold!"

"We would ask of you to see him, Monsieur de Tiernay, to know him," burst out Laura; "to tell him all that you can of France—above all, of the sentiments of the army; he is a soldier himself, and will hear you with pleasure."

"You may speak freely and frankly," continued the marquise; "the count is man of the world enough to hear the truth even when it gives pain. Your own career will interest him deeply; heroism has always had a charm for all his house. This letter will introduce you; and, as the general informs us, you have some days at your own disposal, pray give them to our service in this cause."

"Willingly, madame," replied I, "only let me understand a little better——"

"There is no need to know more," interrupted Laura; "the Count de Marsanne will himself suggest everything of which you will talk. He will speak of us, perhaps—of the Tyrol—of

Kuffstein: then he will lead the conversation to France—in fact, once acquainted you will follow the dictates of your own fancy."

"Just so, Monsieur de Tiernay, it will be a visit with as little of ceremony as possible——"

"Aunt!" interrupted Laura, as if recalling the marquise to caution, and the old lady at once acknowledged the hint by a significant look.

I see it all, thought I, De Marsanne is Laura's accepted lover, and I am the person to be employed as a go-between. This was intolerable, and when the thought first struck me, I was out of myself with passion.

"Are we asking too great a favor, Mons. de Tiernay?" said the marquise, whose eyes were fixed upon me during this conflict.

"Of course not, madame," said I, in an accent of almost sarcastic tone. "If I am not wrong in my impressions the cause might claim a deeper devotion; but this is a theme I would not wish to enter upon."

"We are aware of that," said Laura, quickly, "we are quite prepared for your reserve, which is perfectly proper and becoming."

"Your position being one of unusual delicacy," chimed in the marquise.

I bowed haughtily and coldly, while the marquise uttered a thousand expressions of gratitude and regard to me.

"We had hoped to have seen you here a few days longer, monsieur," said she, "but perhaps, under the circumstances, it is better as it is."

"Under the circumstances, madame," repeated I, "I am bound to agree with you;" and I turned to say farewell.

"Rather *au revoir*, Monsieur de Tiernay," said the marquise, "friendship, such as ours, should at least be hopeful; say then '*au revoir*.'"

"Perhaps Monsieur de Tiernay's hopes run not in the same channel as our own, aunt," said Laura, "and perhaps the days of happiness that we look forward to would bring far different feelings to his heart."

This was too pointed—this was insupportably offensive! and I was only able to mutter, "You are right, mademoiselle;" and then, addressing myself to the marquise, I made some blundering apologies about haste and so forth; while I promised to fulfil her commission faithfully and promptly.

"Shall we not hear from you?" said the old lady, as she gave me her hand. I was about to say, "under the circumstances," better not, but I hesitated, and Laura, seeing my confusion, said, "It might be unfair, aunt, to expect it; remember how he is placed."

"Mademoiselle is a miracle of forethought and candor too," said I. "Adieu! adieu forever!" The last word I uttered in a low whisper.

"Adieu, Maurice," said she, equally low, and then turned away towards the window.

From that moment until the instant when, out of breath and exhausted, I halted for a few seconds on the crag below the fortress, I knew

nothing; my brain was in a whirl of mad, conflicting thought. Every passion was working within me, and rage, jealousy, love and revenge were alternately swaying and controlling me. Then, however, as I looked down for the last time on the village and the cottage beside the

river, my heart softened, and I burst into a torrent of tears. There, said I, as I arose to resume my way, there! is one illusion dissipated; let me take care that life never shall renew the affliction! Henceforth I will be a soldier, and only a soldier.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE'S a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem Star of the West?

"War, war to the knife! be enthralled, or ye die,"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread:
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife

Till Man's charter was fairly restored:
Yet he prayed for the moment when Freedom and Life

Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh, his laurels were pure; and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell!
Reville not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply-stained field of the West.

Eliza Cook's Journal.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS IN CHINA.—It appears, by the last accounts from China, that certain Jesuits are troubling the repose of the Celestial Empire, as they are at the present moment disturbing that of the United Kingdom. The governor-general of "the two provinces," that is, of Canton and its sister province, in a memorial addressed to the emperor, and dated as late as the 10th of February last, denounces their conduct in the following queer and characteristic terms: "All sects of false religion burn incense, fast, and live upon a vegetable diet, in order to gather money. Amongst such the Roman Catholics are notorious, worshipping the cross, and caring alike neither for heaven nor for ancestors. Under the cloak of religion they transgress the law. To put the people in good paths, it is necessary to demolish bad religions, and put forward good ones. The Classics should be taught to every one, even to the peasants, and then no error would find entrance." It would appear from this that the statesmen of China have a very bad opinion of the worship of sticks and stones, and consider fastings and a spare diet as the mere means of extorting money. By the Classics, the learned governor means the Scriptures according to Confucius, and when he suggests them as an antidote against false religions, he simply says, as translated into Prot-

estant language: "Let the Bible be taught to every one, even to the peasants." We gather from all this that the great men with smug faces, shaved crowns, and enormous queues, consider all religions that touch the feelings and stimulate the intellect, as dangerous to the state; and that of the essentials of Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, they have no more idea than they have of the philosophy of Bacon or Newton.

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE ON YOUTH AND AGE.—To be left alone in the wide world, with scarcely a friend—this makes the sadness which, striking its pang into the minds of the young and the affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and interpret the spirit-signs of their own hearts. The solitude of the aged—when, one by one, their friends fall off, as fall the sere leaves from the trees in autumn—what is it to the overpowering sense of desolation which fills almost to breaking the sensitive heart of youth, when the nearest and dearest ties are severed? Rendered callous by time and suffering, the old feel less, although they complain more; the young, "bearing a grief too deep for tears," shrine in their bosoms sad memories and melancholy anticipations which often give dark hues to their feelings in after life.—*Eliza Cook.*

MELCHIOR BOISSERÉE.—The death of this distinguished man, brother to Sulpize Boissérée, is much regretted throughout Germany. It was so far back as the year 1804, that three young men, citizens of Cologne, conceived the idea of collecting and resuscitating the mediæval art-relics of the Rhine-lands. But what was, probably, but contemplated as a provincial undertaking, soon attracted the eyes of Europe, and became a great fact of modern art-history. When, about 1808, Sulpize Boissérée determined to devote himself entirely to the work on the Cologne Cathedral, Melchior and his brother Bertram continued the research and collection of ancient paintings. But already, in 1810, the old pictures had outgrown the scanty spaces appropriable to them at Cologne. They were transferred first to Heidelberg, and in 1819 the three brothers migrated with them to Stuttgart, where the king afforded room to this unique gathering of mediæval art. It was Melchior who chiefly attended to the restoration of the pictures, and enriched the collection during his travels in the Netherlands, in 1812 and 1813. Having found some of the pictures of Hemling and Memling, it was he who first attracted notice to these excellent, hitherto hardly known, artists. In 1827 the collection was sold to Ludwig of Bavaria, and as the Pinakotheka (where they were to be placed) was not ready, the pictures were conveyed to Schleissheim. In this retirement, Melchior Boissérée devoted his whole attention to the art of glass painting, which at that time was nigh considered as lost. If now such great things are accomplished at Munich in this department of Art, it was Melchior (conjunctly with his brother Bertram) who paved the way by this collection of old specimens, seen with astonishment by travellers from the whole of Europe. When Bertram had died, (about 1830,) Melchior joined his brother Sulpize at Bonn, where Melchior, in the prosecution of his favored art-studies, concluded his life in serene and quiet contentment.—*Builder.*

A HIGH CHURCH REVIEW ON DR. CHALMERS.

[Glad of every opportunity of being in company with Dr. Chalmers, we copy the leading paper of the Christian Remembrancer, a Quarterly Review. Our Presbyterian readers will not like some parts of this article, but will be willing that, like Gen. Jackson's first cabinet, it shall "come in as a unit."]

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D. By his Son-in-law, the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Vols. I. II. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox; London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1849, 50.

THERE are certain names, both in past literature and present life, which live in a kind of atmosphere of indefinite reputation. They are frequent in our ears, they recur to our minds with the familiarity of old acquaintance, and establish a sort of recognized position in our memory; and yet, if we were suddenly required to explain the ground of their possession, to analyze the associations connected with them, and assign the deeds or words by which their reputation has been achieved, we should, probably, be entirely at a loss. They have gained general notoriety, they have somehow earned the title *volitare per ora virum*, and pass through our mouths on the strength of it; but this is all we can say. The special actions of those who bore them, the particular incidents of their lives, the circumstantial narrative of their career, can be recalled, if at all, only by a distinct mental effort. We have admitted, rather than recognized, their popularity. But popularity is never thus *acquired*, though its acquisition, once made, may be thus maintained. There must have been, in all these cases, some inner circle of worshippers, who gave their plaudits with a far more earnest and homefelt enthusiasm. The charm of sympathy in special pursuits, the connexions of time, or place, or interest, the mighty influences of personal contact, have inspired them with that earnest admiration which enabled them to seat the object of it in a niche—constructed of more or less permanent materials—in the temple of fame. They admire so earnestly, that the good-natured world is willing to take their estimate on trust, and acknowledge their hero, not by its own testing, but on their recommendation. It is conceived, and for the most part rightly, that the correlative of genuine admiration is real worth. And thus a name gathers with the many a halo of indistinct reputation, because it is a substance of real and ascertained value with the few.

To most of our readers, Chalmers, is, probably, just one of these names. None are ignorant of it; few, probably, have any very definite idea of the reasons of its claim to be known and remembered. He was a leader in the Free-Kirk movement—he was a great pulpit-orator—he wrote a Bridgewater Treatise, and a great many other volumes—these, probably, are the ideas which the mention of his name will successively, and, perhaps, very gradually, excite. Few, we suspect, have attempted to read much of the aforesaid volumes; fewer still of those few have persisted in the attempt; yet all acknowledge the name to be one of general interest, and many would, probably, be glad to attach more definite ideas to it; and we think we can promise our readers somewhat both of entertainment and instruction, if they will skim with us over the pages of the two volumes—all that has yet been published—of his life.

The writer is his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna; and he has fulfilled his task well and carefully. His

style, not unlike that of the subject of his memoirs, though inclined, occasionally, to march on stilts, is clear and copious; his observance of dates, that great merit in a memoir-writer, is accurate and precise; nor, if we make due allowance for the unbounded love and admiration inspired by Chalmers within his own circle, and for the natural tendency of our northern neighbors to mutual panegyric, shall we pronounce it ungracefully eulogistic. While we cannot altogether suppress a smile at the comparison thus forced on us between the biographer of the Scotch preacher and the great historian of Agricola, we are quite willing to allow him the full benefit of the sentence of Tacitus which adorns his title-page: "*Hic interim liber, honori Agricola, soceri mei, destinatus, professione pietatis, aut laudatus erit, aut excusatus.*"

Without further preface, we will introduce our readers to the subject of our article.

Thomas Chalmers, the son of "a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant," in the small town of Anstruther, on the coast of Fife, was born on the 17th March, 1780. One of a numerous family—there were fourteen brothers and sisters—he shared the ordinary education of the middle classes of Scotland. After an initiation at the parish school under a master who might have served Dickens for a model, while depicting the education of David Copperfield, he was transferred, before he was twelve years old, to the College of S. Andrews. Here his biographer discovers the first intimation of his future greatness, and the occasion illustrates so singularly a feature of Scotch religionism, that we are tempted to transcribe the passage in which it is related.

It was then the practice at S. Andrews, that all the members of the university assembled daily in the public hall for morning and evening prayers, which were conducted by the theological students. The hall was open to the public, but in general the invitation was not largely accepted. In his first theological session, it came, by rotation, to be Dr. Chalmers' turn to pray. His prayer, an amplification of the Lord's Prayer, clause by clause consecutively, was so originally and yet so eloquently worded, that universal wonder and very general admiration were excited by it. "I remember still," writes one who was himself an auditor, "after the lapse of fifty-two years, the powerful impression made by his prayers in the Prayer-Hall, to which the people of S. Andrews flocked when they knew that Chalmers was to pray. The wonderful flow of eloquent, vivid, ardent description of the attributes and works of God, and still more, perhaps, the astonishing, harrowing delineation of the miseries, the horrid cruelties, immoralities, and abominations inseparable from war, which always came in more or less in connexion with the bloody warfare in which we were engaged with France, called forth the wonderment of the hearers. He was then only sixteen years of age, and he showed a taste and capacity for composition of the most glowing and eloquent kind. Even then, his style was very much the same as at the period when he attracted so much notice and made such powerful impression in the pulpit and by the press."

What a keen, though unconscious, satire on the practice of extemporaneous prayer! It is evidence that all the parties concerned mistake it for a sermon. It does not occur to them to regard it as a solemn act of communion with God; it wears the aspect simply of an oratorical exhibition, "conducted by the theological students." Every turn of expression tells this tale, every phrase betrays the secret. "The universal wonder and very general admiration" of the people, who, according to

the account of the "auditor," came in flocks to enjoy "the powerful impression" produced by the "flow of eloquent, vivid, ardent description," or to luxuriate in the pleasing horror of the "astonishingly harrowing delineation" of the miseries of war, may have been very just, but can scarcely be regarded as very expressive of a spirit of prayer. And when we recollect that the chief performer in this exhibition was a lad of sixteen, it is difficult to read the passage without being a good deal startled at the character of a religious system in which a college can authorize, and a minister relate, such a scene, without the least consciousness of its profanity.

In spite, however, of the temptation afforded by this early success in prayer, the bent of Chalmers' mind was anything but theological. If he were aware of his oratorical powers, he felt, probably, that other subjects might afford them a wider and a freer scope. There was, indeed, a theological debating society at S. Andrews, which was, no doubt, a necessary supplement to the more public exercise in the Prayer Hall; and in its list of members occurs the name, not only of Chalmers, but of another, which has earned recent and unexpected laurels in the fields of theology—John Campbell. Who knows whether the celebrated quotation, by which it was triumphantly established that the phrase "preventing grace" was not unknown to Milton, may not have been first stored up in the mind of the future privy councillor to meet the exigencies of a theological debate in S. Andrews? It must, at any rate, be a satisfaction to all English churchmen to know that Lord Campbell *has* had a theological education, even though that education were completed before the age of eighteen, and its only fruit the production of an extemporaneous prayer in the Hall of S. Andrews.

Chalmers left college when he was little more than seventeen, and occupied for a year what seems to have proved a very uncongenial situation, as tutor to ten young children in a private family. The pupils were troublesome and the elder part of the society not very friendly. The case is not an uncommon one; but Chalmers' natural spirit and college reputation made it probably more than usually uncomfortable to him. He was, too, in that doubtful age between boy and man, at which injuries are most readily imagined, and most keenly resented.

"The people of the house," he writes to a friend, "don't seem to know the place in which a tutor should stand; hence a cold, distant, contemptuous reserve, which I was never accustomed to, and which exposes me to the most disagreeable feelings. The vexation of mind that arises from this circumstance is much heightened by the difficulties of my employment. The oldest boy, about fifteen," (we should recollect that the tutor was but two years older,) "who has been two years at college, seems to have no idea of any respect being due to my office; his behavior not only made his own management a matter of difficulty, but had also a tendency to weaken my authority over my other pupils. My predecessor, as I have reason to believe, in compliance with the wishes of the female part of the family, allowed his pupils several improper indulgences; hence they had contracted habits quite incompatible with the order and discipline which ought to be observed, and I was obliged to have recourse to strong measures in order to root them out. These gave offence, I thought, to the ladies of the house, and I ascribed to this in great part their high looks and sour, forbidding deportment."—P. 25.

From these grievances he speedily made his escape, and soon after took the step which determined his future career, by obtaining, from the Presbytery of S. Andrews, his "license as a preacher of the Gospel." This is a step preparatory to ordination, by which the candidate is admitted to a sort of probation. The age at which it is usually taken is twenty-one; Chalmers however was allowed to enter upon it before he was nineteen, on the recommendation of a friend, who described him to the Presbytery as "a lad o' pregnant pairs." It does not appear why he was so anxious to anticipate the usual time; for religious objects had as yet taken no strong hold upon his mind, nor was he in any hurry to exercise the privilege of preaching thus conferred upon him. He first made a tour in England, then settled down for some time in Edinburgh, attending the lectures of Professors Playfair, Robison, and Dugald Stewart. The interests of general science were those which principally occupied him; his warmest enthusiasm was dedicated to chemistry and mathematics; the preparations for the labors of his profession seem at that time to have employed very little either of his time or his attention. Indeed, it is quite remarkable how completely he assigned to the performance of clerical duties a very secondary position. The arrangements of the first engagement of that kind which he undertook are thus described by his biographer:—

Mr. Chalmers resolved to accept, in the mean time, the situation which Mr. Shaw's kindness had opened to him. That kindness was increased by the offer made and accepted, that instead of the manse at Cavers being occupied solitarily by Mr. Chalmers, he should live with Mr. Shaw in his manse at Robertson, which was only about seven miles distant from Cavers church, to which he could ride over and return each Sabbath day.—P. 53.

His notions of ministerial duty were then clearly confined to a weekly preaching. They changed greatly in his subsequent life. But even several years later than this, and after he had been some time in the sole charge of a parish, we find him asserting, and even publishing, the same low estimate of the responsibilities of his office.

"The author of this pamphlet," he writes, "can assert, from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage."—P. 93.

An astounding sentiment, which Dr. Chalmers did his best in later years, when his conceptions were far different, to suppress. While such, however, were his views, it is not surprising that we find him engaged at one and the same time in a canvass for the vacant parish of Kilmany, and for a mathematical assistantship in the college of S. Andrews. The latter object was the first obtained; and he threw himself into his new pursuit with all the impetuous energy which forms the most striking feature of his character. He had already acquired that sounding style and copious vocabulary which marks his later efforts; and throughout his life he lavished on all subjects alike the same prodigality of fluent declamation. It was characteristic of his rhetoric, that not even the proverbial dryness of mathematical studies could subdue or even temper its abundance. It

was thus that he addressed the young gentlemen of S. Andrews on their initiation to the mysteries of Euclid:—

These Elements of Euclid, gentlemen, have raised for their author a deathless monument of fame. For two thousand years they have maintained their superiority in the schools, and been received as the most appropriate introduction to geometry. It is one of the few books which elevate our respect for the genius of antiquity. It has survived the wreck of ages. It had its days of adversity and disgrace in the dark period of ignorance and superstition, when everything valuable in the literature of antiquity was buried in the dust and solitude of cloisters, and the still voice of truth was drowned in the jargon of a loud and disputatious theology. But it has been destined to reappear in all its ancient splendor. We ascribe not indeed so high a character to it because of its antiquity; but why be carried away by the rashness of innovation? why pour an indiscriminate contempt on systems and opinions because they are old? Truth is confined to no age and to no country. Its voice has been heard in the temple of Egypt, as well as in the European University. It has darted its light athwart the gloom of antiquity, as well as given a new splendor to the illumination of modern times. We have witnessed the feuds of political innovation—the cruelty and murder which have marked the progress of its destructive career. Let us also tremble at the heedless spirit of reform which the confidence of a misguided enthusiasm may attempt in the principles and investigations of philosophy. What would have been the present degradation of science, had the spirit of each generation been that of contempt for the labors and investigations of its ancestry? Science would exist in a state of perpetual infancy. Its abortive tendencies to improvement would expire with the short-lived labors of individuals, and the extinction of every new race would again involve the world in the gloom of ignorance. Let us tremble to think that it would require the production of a new miracle to restore the forgotten discoveries of Newton.—Pp. 60, 61.

It is easy to imagine that such a method of teaching mathematics must have produced no small excitement at S. Andrews. But the usual fate of hasty and untempered energy awaited him. Chalmers does not appear at this period of his life to have had the least notion of conciliation, or respect for the rights or feelings of others. Full of his own impressions, he hurried straight to his work, careless of obstacles, and indifferent to the prejudices which he might alarm. The authorities appear to have felt the usual alarm which such energetic procedure from below commonly excites in the breast of authorities. They probably regarded Chalmers, not altogether without reason, as a forward young man; and his conduct certainly was not likely to disabuse them of the impression. At the close of the first session, the scene in the public hall, the same, we suppose, in which prayers were wont “to be conducted,” was a singular one:—

When Dr. Rotheram, professor of natural philosophy, had finished the examination of his class, Mr. Chalmers, whose classes were next in course, stepped forward to the table, and broke out into a severe invective against Professor Vilant, for having given testimonials to students, without consulting him, their teacher. The speech was long and sarcastic. It was amusing to see the academic board; old Mr. Cook irritated and vexed; Mr. Hill, puffy and fidgety; Dr. Playfair, getting up twice or thrice and tugging the speaker by the arm; Dr. Hunter, with unvarying countenance, his eyes sedately fastened on the floor;

Dr. Rotheram, laughing and in anger by turns. At length Dr. Hill interfered, and with some difficulty silenced Mr. Chalmers, who proceeded with the examination as coolly as if nothing had passed.—P. 66.

This scene was followed by its natural and obvious result. However entertaining his eloquence might be to his pupils during the session, the expectation of a “long and sarcastic speech” at its close could not be very agreeable to his employers; and he was accordingly given to understand that his services would be no longer required. This was a severe blow. Kilmany, to which he had been presented, was only about nine miles distant from S. Andrews, a distance, as we have seen, by no means inconsistent with his notion of sufficient residence; and he had fully intended to unite the parochial and the collegiate employment. That hope seemed now destroyed. Chalmers, however, was not a man to be baffled in any matter on which he had set his mind. He soon determined to fight out the quarrel; and announced his intention of opening mathematical classes of his own at S. Andrews, and defying the University to open competition. The classes were filled, in spite of considerable opposition from the college, and an Introductory Lecture gave him the opportunity of investing his bold position with a halo of magniloquence.

“True,” he said, “I am different from what I was, but the difference is only in external circumstances. I feel not that my energies have expired, though I no longer tread that consecrated ground where the Muses have fixed their residence. I feel not that science has deserted me, though I breathe not the air which ventilates the halls of S. Salvator.”—P. 74.

Chemistry was soon added to mathematics; the popularity of the lecturer increased; the university began to relax her hostility, and the rebel was almost converted into a friend. But though he had thus carried his point in front, he was attacked in the rear by another adversary. It was rumored that some ministers, who took a different view from his own of the duties of their office, were about to bring his conduct under the notice of the Presbytery of Cupar. The censure, however, thus obtained, was not severe enough to withdraw him entirely from his work. His mathematical lectures were discontinued, but his chemical course was repeated, not only at S. Andrews, but in Kilmany itself, apparently to the great edification of his people. He was, however, in such a bad odor with his clerical neighbors that the minister of Kirbaldy refused on one occasion to lend him his pulpit in the service of a charity for which he was interested. But chemistry again came to the aid of her votary. Chalmers transferred his efforts from the kirk to the lecture-room, and gained probably a larger sum for his purpose than he could have acquired by a more directly professional exertion. We can scarcely wonder that the worthy minister felt somewhat shy of him; for besides the scandal of the mathematical and chemical classes, and of the pamphlet, then recently published, from which we have already quoted his estimate of a minister's duties, Chalmers was at the moment on duty at Kirbaldy with the S. Andrews corps of volunteers, in the double capacity of chaplain and lieutenant. He must have seemed to his neighbors to be the representative of anything rather than the Christian ministry.

But a great change was soon about to come over him. The first period of his life was passing:

away ; he was about to enter upon its second stage with a total revulsion of feeling and sentiment. We observe that both Dr. Chalmers and his biographer seem to shrink from applying to this transition the term which might be supposed to be most natural and familiar to them. Neither of them speaks of it as his *conversion*. The word perhaps suggested to them the same extravagant and fanatical notions with which, from its abuse by a certain school of religion, it is most frequently associated in our own minds. Their clear judgment and sound practical sense could not but reject the exaggerated ideas of miraculous interposition, the absurd and almost ludicrous attempts to fix the scene, the day, and the hour, from which both reason and feeling revolt. Yet, if these exaggerations and absurdities are set aside, the history of this period of Dr. Chalmers' life supplies an exact illustration of that mental phenomenon which is described by the evangelical school with some additional peculiarities of their own, under the name of conversion. The transition was not, indeed, in his case from an immoral to a holy life, nor was it produced in a moment ; nor was it the sudden effect of a dream or vision or a strong mental impression, excited by any unforeseen event. But it was a real transition from indifference to earnestness, from a carelessness about spiritual influences and the supernatural world to a most vivid and lasting appreciation of their reality and necessity. Illness and sorrow did their part in first awakening the spiritual sympathies of his soul ; and the process was probably the more real and durable from its comparative slowness. It cost him some years of anxious struggle before his soul was able to find its rest ; but, that struggle once over, he seems to have gone steadily onward without a single hesitation or misgiving in the new course on which he had entered. For it was a new course to him. His favorite sciences, his manifold pursuits, were all thrown resolutely into the background, and the whole energies of his active mind were devoted with a single purpose and eminently successful result to the labors of his profession. In calling the attention of our readers to this striking fact, we do not, of course, forget that it was but an imperfect form of Christianity and an inadequate conception of its doctrines to which those energies were devoted. His lot was cast in a society cut loose by its own act from the Church of the Apostles, and the great army of Saints and Martyrs gathered in from successive generations ; and meagrely furnished out, instead, from the resources of a single mind, in an age of unexampled tumult, with a narrow theology and an awkward polity. But of this he never dreamt ; he poured his whole soul with unhesitating faith into the system in which he lived, or rather he sustained himself on the great truths which most affected him, without at all regarding the system through which they came to him. For his disregard of conventional rules often scandalized more rigid Presbyterians ; the divine right which they pleaded for their platform never seems to have crossed his mind, or to have merited the attention of a moment with him. It was to him a mere machinery for conveying religious truth, an organized establishment for diffusing it over the land, perhaps better, perhaps worse than others. As such, however, he accepted it, and worked in it contentedly, undisturbed apparently by a single thought that any notion more august or more powerful was involved in the idea of a Church.

But our reflections have led us away from our history. We will illustrate by a few extracts the nature of the change of which we have been speaking ; for the phenomena of a really religious mind are most valuable and instructive, even though their ultimate evolution be inadequate or partially erroneous. We have seen how little time he thought it necessary to give to his ministerial work, how soon its duties seemed to be satisfactorily fulfilled, how many other pursuits he was willing to carry on in conjunction with it. It is evident that he had then no strong appreciation of the realities of the spiritual world. His preaching appears to have been little more than merely ethical exhortations to morality or general sentiments about the power and the goodness of the Almighty.

"With indignation," he exclaims, in one of his sermons at Kilmany, "do we see a speculative knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity preferred to the duties of morality and virtue. The cant of enthusiasm—the effusion of zeal—the unintelligible jargon of pretended knowledge—are too often considered as the characteristics of a disciple of Jesus ; whilst, amid all these deceitful appearances, justice, charity, and mercy, the great topics of Christ's admonitions, are entirely overlooked * * * The faith of Christianity is praiseworthy and meritorious, only because it is derived from the influence of virtuous sentiments on the mind * * * He who has been rightly trained in his religious sentiments, by carefully perusing the Scriptures of truth, will learn thence, that the law of God is benevolence to man, and an abiding sense of gratitude and piety * * * But let him allow himself to be guided by the instructions of our mystical theologians, and all will be involved in gloom and obscurity * * * Let us, my brethren, beware of such errors. Let us view such fanatical vagaries with the contempt they deserve, and walk in the certain path marked out to us by reason and by Scripture * * * Thus shall we exemplify the real nature of the Christian service, which consists in gratefully adoring the Supreme Being, and in diffusing the blessed influences of charity, moderation and peace."

—Pp. 147, 9.

The religious books which he was afterwards most fond of were at this time peculiarly distasteful to him.

Bending over the pulpit, and putting on the books named the strong emphasis of dislike, he had said—"Many books are favorites with you, which, I am sorry to say, are no favorites of mine. When you are reading Newton's Sermons, and Baxter's Saints' Rest, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress, where do Matthew, Mark, Luke and John go to?"—P. 102.

These books, it must be remembered, were not denounced in consequence of any preference for a different form of doctrine from that which they exhibited. They were the only religious books likely to fall in his way ; and were, in fact, denounced only in that capacity. Distinctive religious tenets, of any kind, were as yet the abomination of the literate and scientific preacher. Such was his frame of mind during nearly six years of his occupation of Kilmany Manse. But in his twenty-ninth year, three deaths in his own family, in rapid succession, were followed by a severe illness, which for some weeks left his own life in doubt. He rose from his bed at last with new thoughts and aims :—

"My confinement," so he wrote to a friend, "has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time—an impression which I trust

will not abandon me though I again reach the heyday of health and vigor. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connection with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects and convulsive efforts which terminate in nothing. I have been reading Pascal's *Thoughts on Religion*; you know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalized by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop short in the brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendors of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the Gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek and to all Roman fame.”—P. 152.

The work was, however, only begun as yet. It needed toil, and watching, and prayer, to reduce these sentiments to practice. We will illustrate the progress of the struggle by some extracts from a diary which commences at this period of his life:—

March 17th, 1810.—I have this day completed my thirtieth year; and, upon a review of the last fifteen years of my life, I am obliged to acknowledge that at least two thirds of that time have been uselessly or idly spent, and that there has all along been a miserable want of system and perseverance in the business of adding to my intellectual attainments. For by far the greater part of that time, too, there has been a total estrangement of my mind from religious principle; and my whole conduct has been dictated by the rambling impulse of the moment, without any direction from a sense of duty, or any reference to that eternity which should be the end and the motive of all our actions. My prayer to Heaven is, that this record of my errors and deviations may be the happy means of recalling me from folly and wickedness; that my temper, and my passions, and my conversation may be brought under the habitual regulation of principle; that the labors of my mind may be subservient to the interests of the Gospel; that from this moment I may shake off caprice and indolence, and the mischief of ill-regulated passions; and that, with the blessing of the divine assistance, I may be enabled to soar above the littleness of time, and give all for eternity. * * *

March 20th.—A day spent without any intercourse with people abroad. But in every situation there is a call for vigilance; and what a struggle one must maintain to render himself the agreeable inmate of a family! In this respect I have much to accuse myself of; I have little or no indulgence for the infirmities of the aged; and nothing galls me more than to be obliged to repeat the same thing to the deaf or the careless. It is only in the latter case that anger is at all justifiable; and I should recollect that if the person be old, the habit of carelessness may be beyond the possibility of correction. By far the best way is just to accommodate to it; it is the way of duty and of comfort. * * * This disposition, in fact, to get out of humor at what is irksome in others, lies at the bottom of that undutiful conduct which makes my parents unhappy with me at Anster; and I fear my aunt not altogether satisfied with her visit to myself. * *

March 27th.—Had Mr. ——— to drink tea. Detected myself in a slight tendency to evil-speaking. Got ruffled at Jane for the fretfulness with which she returned my questions about her accounts. * *

April 9th.—I this day gave a most melancholy and alarming proof of the imbecility of my purposes; I got into a violent passion with Sandy in the morning; and, after I had reasoned myself into a thorough im-

pression of its criminality, repeated the same scene with high aggravations in the afternoon. * * *

April 22d.—I find that principle and reflection afford a feeble support against the visitations of melancholy. It is a physical distemper, and must be counteracted by physical means. * * * It is, perhaps, not my duty to summon up a cheerfulness of mind in the hour of unaccountable despondency, for perhaps this is an affair as completely beyond the control of reason as any other of our physical sensations; it is my duty to study, and, if possible, to devise expedients for restoring me from this useless and melancholy state. Now, all experience assures me that regular occupation is that expedient; and it is my duty, if I find myself unequal to the severity of my usual exercises, to devise slighter subjects of employment which can be resorted to in the time of necessity. This I esteem to be an important part of moral discipline. Writing a fair copy of any old production which you wish to preserve, setting your books and papers into a state of greater arrangement, writing letters, looking over your accounts, and making slight but interesting calculations about your future gains and future expenditure; these, and a number of other subjects of occupation, should occur to be ever ready to offer themselves as corrections to melancholy. Let me cultivate, then, that habit of exertion which will not shrink from a remedy which I find so effectual.—Pp. 158—166.

The Scotch thrift which peeps out in the “slight but interesting calculations” alluded to in the last passage, may excite a smile, but our readers will feel with us that this is the diary of a man, whose eyes have been opened to the all-pervading character of the divine law, stretching out as it were into the very corners and by-ways of daily life. They are the sentiments of one who feels the need of sanctification, and is striving, in an earnest, practical way, to attain to it. Such a season of effort is a critical period in the history of any man's soul. Sometimes it has terminated in gloom and despair, sometimes in fanaticism; sometimes it has passed away fruitlessly, and left the heart callous, hardened, and impassive. With Chalmers the issue was happy; for it landed him on a religious system, which, though falling far short of the truth, and alloyed with some actual error, destined to produce more baneful fruits in the following generation, was nevertheless at that time the most vital and energizing form of Christianity within his ken. He read Wilberforce's *View*, and became an evangelical. The following is his own account of this event, given ten years subsequently in a letter to his brother:—

My dear Alexander—I stated to you that the effect of a very long confinement, about ten years ago, upon myself, was to inspire me with a set of very strenuous resolutions, under which I wrote a *Journal*, and made many a laborious effort to elevate my practice to the standard of the divine requirements. During this course, however, I got little satisfaction, and felt no repose. I remember, that, somewhere about the year 1811, I had Wilberforce's *View* put into my hands, and, as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions about Christianity. I am now most thoroughly of opinion, and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system of—Do this, and live, no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is—Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. The righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves eludes our impotent grasp, and never can a soul arrive at a true or permanent rest in the pursuit of this object. The

righteousness, which by faith we put on, secures our acceptance with God, and secures our interest in his promises, and gives us a part in those sanctifying influences by which we are enabled to do with aid from on high what we can never do without it. We look to God in a new light—we see Him as a reconciled Father; that love to Him which terror scares away rekindles the heart, and, with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord.—Pp. 185, 186.

It is not our intention to criticize these statements. Their language, vague and uncertain in itself, is apt in cold and worldly minds to degenerate into unmeaning conventionality, and in better spirits to pass into a denial of sacramental grace, or sometimes even to issue in an antinomian theory. They are, however, the expression of an undoubted truth, which is valuable even in its distorted form, and which have proved the rescue and support of many a fainting soul—the truth, namely, that we are already, if we will but use our privileges, “children of God, members of Christ, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.” This led Chalmers out of his mental agony, and gave him what he felt to be the clue of his future life. We will conclude this scene of his history by an extract from his journal three years later, when these ideas had taken full possession of his soul. The change of thought and tone is very striking:—

June 16th, (1812.)—This is one of my dedication days, and the following is the record of it:—Prayed for a fixed intentness of thought upon God. Recurred often to the reigning object of my heart, and gave myself up to the plans and calculations which have this world for their object. Dedicated myself to God, as my Creator and Judge. Oh may I feel the weight of this dedication, and the dreadful sentence that hangs over my falling back from it! * * * Thought of Christ as my sacrifice, and tried to bring up my mind to the doctrine of the Cross, in all its peculiarity. * * * Prayed for a life and a heart worthy of the holy name by which we are called, and that I should love and obey Christ. Thought of my own insufficiency for this; repaired to the agency of the Spirit; dedicated myself to the Holy Ghost as my Sanctifier; and prayed that God would give me His Spirit to reform me, and make me a new creature in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Pp. 289, 290.

A few years of quiet and earnest work at Kilmany, very different in kind and quantity from that which had satisfied him before his illness, allowed time for these impressions to ripen into matured and habitual conviction, before he was summoned to play his part on a more public stage. The only event of these years was his marriage with Miss Pratt, a lady whose family resided in his parish. The union proved a happy one, and yielded many years of unbroken domestic comfort. His ten years' ministry at Kilmany came to a close in his thirty-fifth year, in consequence of an invitation to the Tron Church in Glasgow, which, after some deliberation, he accepted. This was the beginning of a new existence to him. From a quiet and secluded country parish he passed at once into the position of the popular preacher of a great and overflowing city. The effect of his oratory was wonderful and instantaneous. From the first day of his appearance in Glasgow to his final departure from it, the multitudes flocked into his church with unremitting assiduity. We will extract some sketches descriptive both of the preacher himself and of the sensation which he

excited. The first is a very graphic picture from “Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk:”—

I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance, for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment did not reveal anything like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By-and-by, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutiae of his face pretty leisurely while he leaned forward and read aloud the words of the Psalm, for that is always done in Scotland, not by the clerk, but the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering.—Vol. ii., p. 2.

This writer supplies the key to the difficulty which must have perplexed many readers of Dr. Chalmers' printed sermons, for they seem very inadequate to the effect produced by their delivery. The sentiments are seldom either striking or original, ranging for the most part among absolute, though important, common-places; and the language, though clear and copious, is mostly turgid and declamatory. But the explanation is true and satisfactory:—

Of all human compositions there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does, when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet, and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory—than Dr. Chalmers. And yet, were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these, his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious; his gestures are neither easy nor graceful, but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him, armed with all the weapons of his most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawing key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you. You are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then, with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendor of its disimprisoned wings! * * * I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and style; but most unquestiona-

bly I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his.—Pp. 4, 5.

There was a Thursday morning lecture at the Tron Church, which was supplied in turn by the city ministers. When Dr. Chalmers preached, these lectures were not less numerously attended than his Sunday sermons. The scene is thus described by one of his congregation:—

The Tron Church contains, if I mistake not, about 1,400 hearers, according to the ordinary allowance of seat-room; when crowded, of course, proportionally more. * * * Suppose the congregation thus assembled—pews filled with sitters, and aisles, to a great extent, with standers. The preacher appears. The devotional exercises of praise and prayer having been gone through with unaffected simplicity and earnestness, the entire assembly seat themselves for the *treat*, with feelings very diverse in kind, but all eager and intent. There is a hush of dead silence. The text is announced, and he begins. Every countenance is up, every eye bent with fixed intentness on the speaker. As he kindles the interest grows. Every breath is held—every cough is suppressed—every fidgety movement is settled—every one, riveted himself by the spell of the impassioned and entrancing eloquence, knows how sensitively his neighbor will resent the very slightest disturbance. Then, by-and-by, there is a pause. The speaker stops—to gather breath—to wipe his forehead—to adjust his gown—and purposefully, too, and wisely, to give the audience as well as himself a moment or two of relaxation. The moment is embraced—there is free breathing—suppressed coughs get vent—postures are changed—there is a universal stir, as of persons who could not have endured the constraint much longer—the preacher bends forward—his hand is raised—all is again hushed. The same stillness and strain of unrelaxed attention is repeated, more intent still, it may be, than before, as the interest of the subject and of the speaker advance. And so, for perhaps four or five times in the course of a sermon, there is the *relaxation*, and the “*at it again*,” till the final winding up. And then, the moment the last word was uttered, and followed by the “*Let us pray*,” there was a scene for which no excuse or palliation can be pleaded, but the fact of its having been to many a matter of difficulty, in the morning of a week-day, to accomplish the abstraction of even so much of their time from business—the closing prayer, completely drowned by the hurried rush of large numbers from the aisles and pews to the door—an unseemly scene, without doubt, as if so many had come to the house of God, not to worship, but simply to enjoy the fascination of human eloquence.—Pp. 149, 150.

The closing portion of this scene is not creditable to Dr. Chalmers; one cannot help feeling that the same eloquence which attracted his audience might have been made subservient to the purpose of detaining them till the service was decently closed; and we know that he did not at all shrink from the most direct and personal rebuke, when he thought it necessary. A remarkable instance of this occurs in a sermon “on the Dissipation of large Cities,” preached in the presence of the town council. He had been enlarging on the custom, then falling into desuetude, of ministers, when invited to an entertainment, carefully watching the right moment to withdraw, when hard drinking was setting in, and the conversation likely to become such as it would have been improper for them to hear. He was reprobating this practice with his utmost energy:—

“If such an exaction,” he said, “was ever laid by the omnipotence of custom on a minister of Christianity, it is such an exaction as ought never, never to be complied with. It is not for him to lend the sanction of his presence to a meeting with which he could not sit to its final termination. It is not for him to stand associated, for a single hour, with an assemblage of men, who begin with hypocrisy, and end with downright blackguardism. * * * It is quite in vain to say that he has only sanctioned one part of such an entertainment. He has as good as given his connivance to the whole of it, and left behind him a discharge in full of all its abominations; and, therefore, be they who they may, whether they rank among the proudest aristocracy of our land, or are charioted in splendor along as the wealthiest of our citizens, or *flounce in the robes of magistracy*, it is his part to keep as purely and indignantly aloof from such society as this, as he would from the vilest and most debasing associations of profligacy.”

The words which I have underlined (the narrator was an eye-witness to the scene) do not appear in the sermon as printed. While uttering them, which he did with a peculiar emphasis, accompanying them with a flash from his eye, and a stamp of his foot, he threw his right arm with clenched hand right across the book-board, and brandished it full in the face of the town council, sitting in array and in state before him. Many eyes were in a moment directed towards the magistrates. The words evidently fell upon them like a thunderbolt, and seemed to startle like an electric shock the whole audience.—Pp. 152, 153.

And no wonder! we hope Dr. Chalmers knew for certain that some members of the town council were really obnoxious to the reproach thus publicly hurled at them. If he only yielded to a sudden temptation, occasioned by the flash of scarlet and gold before him, we must pronounce it rather an unjustifiable expedient of oratory. But the man who could venture on such bursts, and yet retain his own popularity as well as the attention of his hearers, must have been no common character. The crowds which flocked to his sermons were so great as even to cause him annoyance, and to induce him to resort to an amusing artifice to thin them a little. One Sunday evening, after a tremendous pressure of multitudes upon the Tron church, which finally ended in the destruction of the doors, one of his friends gives the following anecdote:—

I stepped into the vestry at the dismissal of the congregation, and walked home with him, our dwellings lying in the same direction. On the way home we talked *inter alia* of this occurrence. He expressed, in his pithy manner, his great annoyance at such crowds. “I preached the same sermon,” said he, “in the morning; and, for the very purpose of preventing the oppressive annoyance of such a densely crowded place, I intimated that I should preach it again in the evening;” and, with the most ingenuous guilelessness, he added, “Have you ever tried the plan?” I did not smile—I laughed outright. “No, no,” I replied, “my good friend, there are but very few of us that are under the necessity of having recourse to the use of means for getting thin audiences.” He enjoyed the joke, and he felt, though he modestly disowned, the compliment.—P. 160.

In fact the hurry and bustle of his life was at this time so great that he often longed to escape from it, and take refuge in an ideal retirement, which he describes in somewhat quaint language, as “a situation where there was less of glare and publicity and mobbish exhibition, and more of quiet study, relieved by converse with literary Christians.”

On another occasion, impressed probably by some such occurrences as those above related at the Tron Church, he poured forth an energetic declamation on the worthlessness of that which he described by a forcible felicity of expression, "a popularity of stare and pressure, and animated heat."

But we should do Dr. Chalmers great injustice if we regarded him merely as a successful and popular preacher. His eloquence, though the foundation of his fame, was perhaps the least part of his real usefulness. He was most conscientious and indefatigable in the discharge of the more onerous, though less showy duties of his situation. His parish contained from eleven to twelve thousand souls. Every single family in it was visited by him in the course of a year or two. On his first arrival scarcely a hundred children were in attendance on the Sunday school. He forthwith organized a new system, established forty distinct schools in different localities of the parish, and, at the end of two years, upwards of twelve hundred children were under regular religious instruction. The laity of the parish were summoned to assist him in a thousand ways, and numbers willingly obeyed the summons. In short, Chalmers had a real and vigorous notion of parochial management, and carried it out most effectually in all directions.

For the execution of his own pet scheme, however, he had to wait a little longer. For many years he had been fond of dabbling—among the many other sciences which amused or occupied him—in political economy; and from the first moment of his acquaintance with it, the idea of a poor-law excited his unmitigated abhorrence and disgust. He is never tired of compassionating England and felicitating Scotland on this score. It checks the stream of private charity, destroys the feeling of honorable independence, and by producing a willingness to receive and an expectation of relief, engenders and increases the very evil it is intended to prevent. Pauperism, he declared, is pampered into preternatural dimensions by the existence of a poor-law. Take away the poor-law, and pauperism will vanish of itself. Such at least was his language at Kilmany; but on his arrival at Glasgow, his annoyance was considerable to find himself subject to the action of a system approximating to that of the latter English Union. All the inhabitants of the city contributed their alms to a general fund, which was disbursed by the orders of a central committee. The exact consideration of individual cases was therefore impossible; and the minister was separated in a great degree from the authority and responsibility of a superintendence over his own poor. Against this system Dr. Chalmers at once set his face. It was too strong for him, however, in the old parishes; but when by strenuous exertion he had procured the erection of a new parish—S. John's—out of the poorest and most neglected portion of the city, the point for which he fought most earnestly, and stipulated most pertinaciously, was the permission to manage his own poor in absolute independence. The collection at the church-doors was to be the only fund from which he was to draw; he undertook to need no more. In his own hands the pledge was amply redeemed. The pauperism which had previously exhausted £1,400 a year was supplied under his management by £280. This great reduction was effected by a most elaborate scheme of personal visitation and inquiry. A sufficient number of "deacons" were engaged to cover the whole parish, which was thus divided out into districts for which

they were severally responsible. Relief was dispensed only on the most rigid terms. We extract a few sentences from a letter of advice to a new deacon:—

"There is a distinction to be observed," writes Dr. Chalmers, "between one sort of application and another. The first is for relief grounded on age or bodily infirmity, in virtue of which those applying are not able to work;—this furnishes the cases for ordinary pauperism. The second is for relief granted on the want of work, or defect in wages—this it is not understood that by the law of Scotland we are obliged to meet or to provide for, and therefore ought never to be so met out of the ordinary funds. Your present applications are all of the second order, and the likelihood is, that you will be able to meet them by work alone, or, if this will not suffice, by a small temporary donation. * * * In prosecuting the second sort of application, you have to ascertain, in the first instance, whether the applicants have resided three years in Glasgow; and, secondly, what are the profits coming into the family from their various sources and employments. * * * Be kind and courteous to the people, while firm in your investigations about them; and just in proportion to the care with which you investigate will be the rarity of the applications that are made to you. * * * N. B.—If drunkenness be a habit with the applicants, this in itself is an evidence of means, and the most firm discouragement should be put upon every application in these circumstances."—Pp. 300, 301.

Instances are given of the working of this system:—

In one district two young families were deserted by their parents. Had the children been taken at once upon the parochial funds, the unnatural purpose of the parents would have been promoted, and the parochial authorities would have become patrons of one of the worst of crimes. The families were left to lie helplessly on the hands of the neighborhood, the deacon meanwhile making every effort to detect the fugitives. One of the parents was discovered and brought back;—the other, finding his object frustrated, voluntarily returned. An old and altogether helpless man sought parish aid. It was ascertained that he had very near relatives living in affluence, to whom his circumstances were represented, and into whose unwilling hands, compelled to do their proper work, he was summarily committed. Typhus fever made its deadly inroads into a weaver's family, who, though he had sixpence a day as a pensioner, was reduced to obvious and extreme distress. The case was reported to Dr. Chalmers, but no movement towards any sessional relief was made; entire confidence was cherished in the kind offices of the immediate neighborhood. A cry, however, of neglect was raised; an actual investigation of what the man had received during the period of his distress was undertaken, and it was found that ten times more than any legal fund would have allowed him had been supplied willingly, and without any sacrifice whatever to the offerers. A mother and daughter, sole occupiers of a single room, were both afflicted with cancer, for which one had to undergo an operation; the other was incurable. Nothing would have been easier than to have brought the liberalities of the rich to bear upon such a case; but this was rendered unnecessary by the willing contributions of food and service and cordials of those living around this habitation of distress. "Were it right," asks Dr. Chalmers, "that any legal charity whatever should arrest a process so beautiful?"—Pp. 304, 305.

This is somewhat stern philanthropy; but it is easily intelligible, that, under a system so administered, the parochial expenditure would be considerably diminished. One would suppose, however,

that it would be more likely to be far more effective in the transference, than in the real diminution of pauperism, and that the poor would emigrate by shoals into parishes where the conditions of relief were less stringent. This, however, is said not to have been the case in the present instance:—

At the beginning of March, 1823, fifteen of the S. John's poor had removed to other parishes, and twenty-nine from other parishes had been received—the imports being thus about double of the exports.—P. 309.

The plan was eminently and conspicuously successful. But the hand of the master was necessary for its administration, or at least his voice was wanted for its vindication. It subsisted indeed, and flourished, for thirteen years after Dr. Chalmers had withdrawn from its direction; but it subsisted as a solitary instance. The other parishes continued to be administered on the old plan; the conflicting systems generated jealousies and disputes, and at last, after an independent existence of eighteen years, the parish of S. John's lapsed into the general system of Glasgow.

Dr. Chalmers' ministry in Glasgow lasted altogether for about eight years. During all that time his desires were growing stronger and stronger for the literary retirement which he had sighed after from the beginning of it. There was, however, then much to be done—a whole parish to be reclaimed, many favorite sciences to be attempted, many new plans to be organized. He felt that he had a work before him which he must not desert; and the offer of a professorship in the University of Edinburgh—the earliest object of his youthful ambition—was more than once reluctantly declined. But when eight years had passed, when his work at the Tron Church had for some time been over, when the new parish of S. John's had been erected, and all its machinery set to work, when his favorite plan of pauper management had been established in it, and when, in proportion as his practical schemes were completed, the claims of literary labor seemed to grow upon him, he gladly availed himself of a similar opportunity, and returned once more in a new capacity to the University of S. Andrews—no longer the rising scholar, the turbulent assistant, or the indignant rival, but the Professor of Moral Philosophy.

And here for the present our history leaves us. We should like much to be able to add the professorial to the ministerial course: we should like more to have the full account of that most remarkable movement, which issued in the secession of the Free Kirk, and to learn the grounds on which the defender of church establishments and the promoter of church extension justified the prominent position which he occupied in that movement; but for this we must be content to wait the arrival of the third volume.

Meanwhile we have enough in the work before us to estimate the general character of Dr. Chalmers. Ardent and enterprising, full of that self-confidence, which is one of the most powerful elements of success, with a genial good-humor and a hearty flow of spirits that enabled him to enlist all around him in an enthusiastic and sanguine coöperation with his own designs, he possessed great means of practical power. That power was sanctified and directed by a most sincere and earnest devotion to religion. His intellect was sound, clear and vigorous, rather than deep, searching, or comprehensive. There is nothing in his published works

which could have elevated him to anything more than a moderate degree of popularity, nothing, probably, which shall rescue them, when the sound of his name has passed away, from total neglect and oblivion. True, even after death, to the practical character of his whole existence, he will always continue to have many more readers of his Life than of his Works. But that which has elevated him above his contemporaries, and marked his history with the peculiar stamp of fame, was the combination of a wonderful copiousness of vocabulary with the power of giving it most effective vocal expression. If it was not eloquence, it was at least successful rhetoric: it earned him the reputation, and gave him the real power, of the acknowledged orator.

From the Paris Correspondence of the Times, 29 May, 1851.

SWAY OF RUSSIA OVER EUROPE.

THE *Journal des Débats* has the following, on the visit paid to Warsaw by the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia:—

The King of Prussia has only had to congratulate himself on his stay at Warsaw, as he received the most cordial reception from the Emperor Nicholas and the Empress Alexandra. It may be remembered that the empress, formerly Princess Charlotte, of Prussia is the sister of King Frederick William. The good relations, which appeared for some time past to have slackened between the two sovereigns, are now re-established, to the great satisfaction of the empress, whose affection for her brother is well known. The emperor took the king to one of his palaces, not far from Warsaw, where he treated him with every possible honor during three days. The emperor, however, will not go to Berlin. The public there is not altogether pleased, for though the intimacy between the sovereigns is considered a subject of congratulation, it is remarked that all the acts in consequence are on the side of the king; and persons ask each other why the emperor should not go to Berlin on the solemn occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Frederick II.; they say that he ought to give that proof of esteem for the Prussian nation, and of deference for the memory of the great man, who also belongs to his own family.

It is so true that the meeting of the sovereigns at Warsaw is generally believed to have reference to the political state of Europe, and especially to that of France, that it may not be considered out of place if I mention some particulars with relation to an event which has excited public attention both in Germany and here. Private letters from Dresden, the most recent bearing date the 25th, show that considerable impatience is manifested to ascertain the results of that interview, which will be continued at Olmutz. The question is constantly asked, "What is the subject of these conferences? What are the questions discussed or resolved there? And what are the intentions of the sovereign, the princes, and the statesmen, who have been summoned, or may yet be summoned, to take part in them?" These questions, as frequent in France as they are in Germany, are asked and discussed in a more earnest manner ever since it became known that the Emperor of Russia was about to visit Warsaw; but to these questions few have been able to reply, so wrapped up are these conferences in almost impenetrable mystery. It has even been said that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria know very little more than the public; that the Emperor Nicholas has intrusted his secret

thoughts to few; and that at the utmost they are only guessed at or suspected by Prince Schwarzenberg and M. de Manteuffel, who, to avoid leading others into error, have not communicated their conjectures to their most intimate friends.

It seems to be beyond doubt, however, that two important matters will be discussed in the councils of these sovereigns; and this, because they are precisely the same that at this moment occupy the attention of all Europe—the situation of Germany and that of France. So much is ascertained as to lead us to believe that the Emperor of Russia will manifest, in the councils referred to, the firm, irrevocable will to repress and vanquish the efforts of the revolutionary party—to combat the revolutionary spirit wherever it may penetrate or attempt to show itself—to follow it up under all its disguises and forms—to drive it from continental Europe, if England will not associate itself in the crusade—and from all Europe, if England affords its coöperation to the continental powers. Whatever decisions may be come to at Warsaw or at Olmutz, they will assuredly be inspired by this determination of the Emperor Nicholas, who believes himself destined to that special mission. The emperor has more than once avowed that, the struggle being now so rife between the revolution and the conservative principles of social order, it is no longer safe or possible to recall, or even to employ, half-measures. It is his firm conviction that society must carry off a complete triumph in that struggle, unless it consent to perish within a very brief period.

So far as Germany alone is concerned, the difficulties of her situation have become diminished; and it is probable that the intervention of the czar will hasten the definitive solution of the points that are still under discussion. The Dresden Conferences have been brought to a close; the return of Prussia to the Diet of Frankfort is at once the condemnation of the revolutionary movement of 1848, already put down in Germany, and the restoration of the Germanic Constitution of 1815. This is a great advance, and it will have several important consequences. The first is, the indefinite adjournment of the project for the establishment of a grand national Parliament to overrule the Central Power of the Germanic Confederation. That project, which, however, has powerful support in Germany, and which had been received at Dresden with a certain degree of favor, has not been approved by the Emperor of Russia, who has remained uninfluenced by the arguments of personages for whom he otherwise professes much deference. It was in vain he was informed that the courts of Dresden, Munich and Stuttgart had entered into formal engagements on the question in their convention of the 27th of February, 1850; that each of the kings had renewed the engagement to his own people, and that Austria had similarly pledged herself by the approval of that convention in her declaration of the 13th of March. The Emperor Nicholas was inflexible, and it may be presumed that for a long time to come the question will not be mooted.

The second consequence is relative to the presidency of the Diet, which is yielded to Austria, and to which Prussia can only pretend in virtue of a concession to which Austria might not object, but for which Prussia should pay a high price. There is every reason to suppose that the arrangement on this point, which will comprise the constitution of a grand system of custom-houses, and of a central

executive military power, will be easily and before long concluded, but under the protection of the Emperor of Russia.

A third consequence of the return of the Diet of Frankfort is the change in the mode of deliberation for the Assemblies of the Diet established by the constitutional acts of the 8th of June, 1815, and the 5th of March, 1820. In virtue of these acts, whenever the question arose of a modification in the fundamental laws of the Germanic Confederation, or in its organic institutions, unanimity of opinion was necessary for the validity of the deliberations, and the opposition of the smallest of the States of the Confederation sufficed to put a stop to the resolution adopted by all the others. The events of the last year in Germany have shown the inconvenience and the dangers of such a system. They are admitted both by Austria and by Prussia, and these powers are now agreed on the necessity of a reform on that head. That reform will be the object of the first resolutions of the Diet, and there is every reason to believe that henceforth a certain majority will be substituted for the unanimity of votes.

A fourth consequence will be the admission into the Confederation of Prussia, and, especially, of Austria, with all their States. This question is not new to Germany. Austria puts forward her pretensions from the 13th of March, 1850, at the very moment of her adhesion to the convocation of Munich; it was one of the conditions of that adhesion. These pretensions passed at the time without notice, as they encountered no opposition. She was not long without receiving the approbation of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, which, in a despatch dated the 15th of July, 1850, gave a formal consent to the measure. Since then the protests of England and France have been communicated, but it is not believed that these protests will prevent the realization of the designs of Austria. It was recently said in Germany, and believed in Paris, that the Russian cabinet had withdrawn that consent. The contrary is now affirmed. Perhaps that cabinet had suggested or admitted a short adjournment as better than an immediate decision of the question, out of deference to France and England, but it is asserted that no greater concession was made; and it is not expected that it will embarrass Austria or arrest her progress. At all events, it would appear that in Germany the incorporation of all the possessions of Austria and of Prussia in the Confederation is considered as certain and proximate.

From the Examiner.

MR. THACKERAY'S FIFTH LECTURE

COMPRISED sketches of FIELDING and SMOLLETT, and of the only pictorial "Humorist" who has been admitted into the series—HOGARTH.

While novels are written, the lecturer began, they will always seek to please the popular taste, by adhering to a general outline of plot, as stereotyped as that of a pantomime. There will always be an exceedingly good man, and an exceedingly bad one; and also an amiable and exemplary beauty, who, beloved by the first, and pursued by the second, is exposed to all sorts of dangers, either physical or moral, until, at the close, vice is dreadfully discomfited, and virtue signally rewarded. This is the novel for the ladies. Tales of another *genre*, with second meanings, and an undercurrent of satire, delight them not. For exam-

ple, there is the mordaunt history of *Jonathan Wild, the Great*. In this work, Fielding has had the courage to take one of the greatest rascals, cowards, traitors, tyrants, and hypocrites, that ever existed, make him the hero of his story, attend him through all his career with a grinning deference, and only take leave of him, with a parting bow, when the hero's carcass is swinging upon the gallows. But few ladies like *Jonathan Wild*.

Not such a satirist and censor was HOGARTH. His works are popular parables. Their moral is told with a plainness that leaves nothing to the second thought. They all breathe the spirit of the old story books. Charley was a good boy, and everybody liked him, and gave him money, and he became a rich man, and rode in a gilded coach; while Billy was a bad boy, and everybody hated him, and he was whipped by his master, and at last he rode in a cart to be hanged at Tyburn. Hogarth's moral to a story was written in a very large hand. In those days moralists had no compunction whatever. They liked to hang a thief. They gloried in recording that crime met its reward on the gibbet. Hanging, indeed, was the recognized specific, not only with authors but with all respectable persons, for guilt. Masters sent their apprentices, parents took their children, to see Jack Sheppard, and Jonathan Wild hung up.

The lecturer, alluding to Hogarth's pictures, went into a lively and minute description of all his principal works, "word painting" with a skill worthy of the artist he was dealing with. *Marriage à la Mode* he spoke of as the series containing Hogarth's most carefully elaborated moral, but he also described the *Rake's Progress*, *Industry and Idleness*, and many of the single pictures, as those of Wilkes, and of Lovat, and of Churchill. In all the stories, he remarked, there was the one great lesson, that "Bogey" was always certain of having wicked people at last. A sort of interlocutory description of some scenes in the London of Hogarth's time—a lord mayor's procession and a criminal's passing to Tyburn—brought in a cleverly done contrast-picture of the Tyburnia, (the most "respectable" place in all the world,) and of the St. Martin's-le-Grand of the present time, somewhat in the vein of Mr. Macaulay's celebrated chapter in his history. Doing justice to the historical value of Hogarth's pictures and referring to the fact that he (like Liston) fancied himself great in serious business, and spoke contemptuously of the Caracci and Corregio, offering "to paint against 'em for a hundred guineas," he said that no man was ever less a hero. He was a jolly cockney, who loved his lass and his glass, and hated the French. The lecturer alluded to the immortal journey in (1732) from the Bedford Arms to Rochester and Sheerness, as one of the "jolliest" trips ever performed, and remarked upon the self-complaisant air of the artist, who declared at the close of his life that he felt great pleasure in thinking that he had never willfully injured even an enemy.

With SMOLLETT he made rather short work, but gave all credit to the veteran, who had fought his way through great difficulties, for his kindness and hospitality towards his less stalwart brethren, and described him as one of those gallant Scottish cadets who have been so admirably depicted by

Sir Walter Scott—noble-minded, poor, enduring, gallant, and ultimately successful from readiness and perseverance. Mr. Thackeray alluded to Smollett's having done justice, in his History, to characters with whom he had been personally in broil and battle; and, in reference to his literary achievements, declared that "Humphrey Clinker" was the most laughable story which had ever been written.

With Mr. Thackeray, HENRY FIELDING is obviously no small favorite. He dwelt with much unctious upon his manly, noble-looking figure, his dauntless courage, his wit, and his many lovable qualities; and he interceded for him with an urgency which he refused to extend to Congreve. He admitted that he could not make a hero of him, that he got into debt, drank, and did other sad things, and had low tastes, but not a mean mind. But he liked virtuous men, honored female innocence, had an eye that flashed on a rogue like a policeman's lantern, did his duty, was adored by his family, and died at his work. He could not erect a statue to him in marble, with a *toga*, but preferred to show him in inky ruffles and with wine stains on his linen.

Tom Jones, however, Mr. Thackeray had something to say against—we mean against the man, and not against one of the most wonderful books ever written. But the author had so fallen in love with his big-calved, broad-backed, dashing, gallant, blackguard of a hero, that he was blind to his faults. *Sophia* gave in much too soon, and Tom ought to have received much more punishment. *Booth* was better; inasmuch as he showed more signs of repentance, and was to be forgiven for the sake of the darling *Amelia*, a character to have created which was not only a literary triumph, but a good action. As for *Joseph Andrews*, there could be no doubt that Fielding felt an honest and hearty contempt for the puny Cockney bookseller, whose chaste maiden, *Pamela*, Fielding proposed to ridicule by creating the imaginary character of a chaste footman, *Joseph*. But he soon lost sight of this caricature, fell in love with his own creations, and wrote a charming book instead of a satire. Mr. Thackeray referred to Gibbon's fine eulogy of Fielding, and observed that to be praised by such a man as Gibbon was like having one's name written up in the dome of St. Peter's. After an eloquent tribute to the power of Fielding's genius in creating a series of characters with every one of which we are as familiar as if we knew them personally, and were to meet them presently in the park, he concluded by comparing the man's gallant nature to that of one of those noble sea-captains we read of in old books, whose enduring heroism bids them cheer their crew and work their ship to the very last, and then, when all is lost, go down with the good vessel to which they had clung to the last.

We need not remark upon the mode in which the lecture was received by an appreciating auditory. We may mention, however, that the hour of commencement having been altered, some disappointment was occasioned to subscribers who had not noticed the announcement of the alteration, and who arrived at the close. The concluding lecture, on Thursday next, (on STERNE and GOLDSMITH,) will commence at three o'clock.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

[AN unusually long absence from home has caused considerable arrearage in this department, which we are now compelled to attend to more slightly than we like.]

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers we have a goodly and various collection:—

Buttman's Greek Grammar is now a large octavo. It has been revised and enlarged by his son; and from the eighteenth German edition has been translated by Edward Robinson.

Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, Nos. 13 and 14. We never see this beautiful and various collection, without regretting that it had not rather been seen by some of the old soldiers themselves.

The Commissioner, Daughter of Night, Stuart of Dunleath, are three numbers of the Library of Select Novels.

The Philosophy of Mathematics; translated from the Cours de Philosophie Positive of Augustus Covete, by Wm. Gillespie.

Louisiana; its Colonial History and Romance. By Charles Gayarre. This is a handsome octavo volume, and the title is very attractive.

Cosmos; a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alex. Von Humboldt. Vol. 3.

Not so bad as we Seem. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Eastbury. A Tale. By Anna Harriet Drury.

Curran and his Contemporaries. By Charles Phillips, Esq.

Yeast: a Problem. By the Rev. Mr. Kingsley, author of *Alton Locke*.

Schmitz's History of Greece. A Manual, principally made up from Bishop Thirlwall's History.

The Harmony of Prophecy; or Scriptural Illustrations of the Apocalypse. By the Rev. Alexander Keith, D.D.

Caleb Field; a Tale of the Puritans, and a very good one.

Nature and Blessedness of Christian Purity. By the Rev. R. S. Foster.

Autobiography and Memorials of Captain Obadiah Congar. By the Rev. Henry T. Cheever.

The Irish Confederates, and the Rebellion of 1798. By Henry M. Field.

Mount Hope; or Philip, King of the Wampanoags: an Historical Romance, by G. H. Hollistar.

History of Cleopatra. By Jacob Abbott.

History of the Empress Josephine. By the same.

The Heir of West-Wayland. By Mary Howitt.

Dealings with the Inquisition. By Dr. Achilli.

The Wife's Sister; or the Forbidden Marriage.

Travels in the United States, by Lady Wortley. This has been favorably reviewed in former numbers.

Godfrey Malvern; or the Life of an Author; by Thomas Miller, author of *a Day in the Woods*, &c., with 24 illustrations.

London Labor and the London Poor. Part 8.

From G. P. Putnam, whose publications are always good:—

Wing and Wing; The Two Admirals; The Water Witch. These are three volumes of the "Choice Works of J. Fenimore Cooper," which are now completed in 12 thick duodecimo volumes, handsomely printed and bound.

Meg and Alice, Tale V., and *Isabella*, Tale VI., of Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mary Cowden Clarke.

Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto. By Theodore Irving, M. A.

Treatise on Political Economy, by George Opdyke. *Para*; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon. By John Esaias Warren.

Romance Dust from the Historic Placer. By Dr. Mayo.

Trenton Falls, Picturesque and Descriptive. Edited by N. Parker Willis. With many illustrations.

Alhambra. This completes the "Author's Revised Edition," of the works of Washington Irving, in 15 handsome duodecimos.

From Charles Scribner, — some very handsome books:—

Hurry-Graphs; or Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities and Society. Taken from life. By N. Parker Willis. The English critics speak of the life and character of these sketches.

Life and Writings of Algernon Sidney. By G. Van Santvoord.

The Fruit Garden. By P. Barry, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. This is a practical, and apparently a very useful book. Illustrated by 150 figures.

Fresh Gleanings. By Ik. Marvell.

The Glenns; a Family History. By J. L. McConnell.

A Grandmother's Recollections.

From D. Appleton & Company:—

The Heir of West-Wayland; by Mary Howitt.

Nathalie; a Tale, by Julia Kavanagh.

The Mother in Law; by Mrs. Southworth.

Rose Douglass; or the Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., continue their handsome edition of Shakespeare, the numbers containing each a play. We have *Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*. Nos. 39 and 40 are the first Part of his Poetical Works, to be completed in two more Parts.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents. Part 2. Agriculture.

Report on the Poor and Insane in Rhode Island. By Thomas R. Hazard.

Elements of Instruction concerning the Church. For young persons. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D. Edited and enlarged by Hugh Darcy Evans. H. Hooker, Philadelphia.

Prometheus Bound, and other Poems. By Eliz. B. Browning. C. S. Francis & Co., N. Y.

Pocket Companion for Machinists, Mechanics and Engineers. By Oliver Byrne. Dewitt & Davenport, N. Y. This book, in a convenient shape, supplies a vast mass of practical information.

The Age of Sin, or Hints for Critics. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philad.

Poems, by Mrs. E. H. Evans. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philad. This book is handsomely printed, and is introduced to the reader by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, the brother of the author. It comes of a poetical family, and is thus noticed by the North American newspaper:—

"This little volume furnishes many proofs that its author possesses the true poetical faculty, and that she knows how to clothe the imaginings of a gifted spirit with the graceful and vigorous language of a cultivated woman. Some of the poems—particularly those of a domestic character—are exquisitely tender; and all are imbued with a feeling of genuine devotion. We commend the book earnestly to public favor."

Bulwer and Forbes on the Cold Water Treatment; edited by R. S. Houghton, M. D. Fowler & Wells, New York.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.